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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

Vol. 70 - Year 1941

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A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

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THE CONFIRMATION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, 1540

THE
WOODSTOCK
LETTERS

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THE QUADRICENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY AND CENTENARY OF XAVIER UNIVERSITY

THE MOST REV. JOHN T. MCNICHOLAS,
ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI

Sermon delivered at the Pontifical Mass in Xavier University Memorial Fieldhouse, Cincinnati, Sunday, September 29.

We are united today to honor the Society of Jesus, at once venerable and youthful. The heritage of four hundred years gives it the priceless advantage of experience. In the performance of duty it has the vigor of a spiritual adventurous youth. With the Ignatian family of the whole world, Cincinnati today offers thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings that have come to the Universal Church through the Society of Jesus during four centuries. We have a special reason for rejoicing, for one hundred years ago, October 1, 1840, the Jesuit Fathers began their educational work and apostolic ministry in Cincinnati.

Four centuries ago, a soldier, very small in stature, a lame Basque, middle-aged, manifestly the leader of the group of nine priests surrounding him, bowed down before the Vicar of Christ, Pope Paul III, asking that their lives be conscripted for any service in the Universal Church, under the direction of the successor of Peter.

Today another small man, a valiant and saintly priest of Swiss and noble Polish parentage, undaunted by war, with all its cruelties, its racial hatreds, and its bitter strifes, and calm, despite the ruthless attack on Poland and the inhuman treatment and division of its citizens, kneels in spirit before another Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius XII. Surrounding him are not nine associates of a little Company of Jesus but an army of more than twenty-six thousand loyal soldier-sons ready for battle—not the battle that destroys the bodies of men but the spiritual combat that saves their souls. This vast legion knows no fear in a war-mad world. Its leader points to the Vicar of Christ, who, in turn, looks to the Divine Saviour of mankind and speaks in the name and by the authority of Christ. This brave regiment of the Society of Jesus is a powerful defense unit of the Church. It is prepared for every contingency, ready to face every danger. Difficulties, trials, persecutions, martyrdom—all indicate not defeat but herald the ultimate Victory of Christ.

The years preceding 1540 brought a social upheaval in Europe and fomented a religious revolution, the sad and logical consequences of which are apparent in the irreligion, agnosticism, and atheistic Communism of today. This revolution rent asunder the Christian cultural unity which had been a thousand years in the making. It broke the union of Christendom not only in Europe but also in the whole world. The religious uprisings were successful not because of abuses existing even in high places in the Church. Financial gains, achieved largely through confiscation of Church property and religious foundations, developed the consciousness of the supremacy of the state. Independent states sought separation from the moral order and broke with the universal moral teacher of the human family, giving Europe a new class of rich men who exercised unwisely great influence. It was an easy step to the deification of the state, which is

culminating in our day in most tyrannical dictatorships.

The growing usurpation of power by governments everywhere is contrary to the natural and divine law. The inalienable rights of the individual and of the family are trampled upon. Under the false plea of protection and defense, freedom vanishes and dictatorship is established. There will be no overthrow of tyranny in the world until religion is restored. Democracy cannot be strengthened and placed on a firm basis as long as the moral order remains chaotic. Christ's injunction to the Apostles was: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. 28:20). This commission gave to the world authorized teachers. Their duty is to teach. It also imposed an obligation on the whole world to be taught.

The world today must be taught morally and spiritually. It cannot be taught without a world teacher of morals. In the present crisis we must not neglect the ordinary defense which good judgment and common sense dictate, nor must we neglect the greater defense which is moral and spiritual. Neither destructive war machines nor loyal well-trained soldiers can save our country if it is bereft of moral principles. Our fabulous spending of billions of dollars on a defense program will result in naught unless we prepare ourselves morally and spend ourselves spiritually. It is equally certain that our domestic economic recovery cannot be brought about except by moral principles. Economic slavery and unjust treatment of employees and employers cannot prevail when people are guided by unchangeable principles of the moral order. This moral code binding the consciences of government officials and of individuals permits no injustice. It regulates the home, the state, and the Church.

St. Ignatius was a soldier. He knew what the warfare of his day meant. He had no thought at first of

establishing a religious order. He failed twice in retaining the companions he had gathered about him. He knew that a religious revolution was taking place in Europe. He knew that the unity of Christendom was threatened, perhaps already broken. He did not attempt to find a military formula spiritualized to counteract it. He did not draw up a program to restore the old established order. But, inspired by God, he, perhaps, more clearly than any other man in the sixteenth century, saw the remedy for the evils of his age. He did not attempt the impossible; he did not arrest the attention of the world. He did the most he could do at the moment by having his little Company strengthen, as far as it could, the unity of Christendom by placing his life and the lives of his colleagues under the direction of the supreme moral guide of the world, whose teachings were challenged and whose authority was rejected.

We can say, perhaps with historical accuracy, that St. Ignatius did not think of his mission as a means of counteracting the influence of those who had begun a religious and economic revolution, nor did he think of his Company as a bulwark against the Reformation. His first thought was for his own sanctification and then for the conversion of pagans. Possessing an unquenchable love of God and an unswerving loyalty to the supreme moral teacher of the human family, he ardently desired that his life and those of his sons be directed by Pope Paul III. He knew that the person who stood in the place of Christ and exercised supreme command in the religious world would know best how to place his forces. This dependence on the Vicar of Christ, this readiness to carry out any order, even when it embraced things that were extraordinary and heroic, gave a new meaning after a thousand years to the obedience of the religious state. In thinking of Jesuit obedience we must not regard it as a severe army discipline. It is the obedience of a united religious family. It is the obedience of "the Society

of Jesus", described by St. Francis Xavier as "nothing more than the Society of love".

It is an historical fact that St. Ignatius sent his first sons to pagan lands and to Catholic countries. They went to nations agitated by the Reformation only at the command of the Pope. Jesuits went to Germany because of the insistent solicitation of the Imperial Ambassador.

St. Ignatius was, therefore, ready for any development in his Society according to the plans of the Holy See. It is natural that a long line of Popes should use such a force to the greatest advantage in the interest of souls according to the varied conditions of four centuries.

The informed student of history recognizes the providential choice of the Ignatian family in order to counteract ultimately the influence of the religious revolution of four hundred years.

It was but a natural development that the Society should become an impregnable bulwark against the false moral principles enunciated in the sixteenth century. It was a natural development that the sons of Ignatius, directed by the Holy See, should undertake the Christian education of youth in order to restore, as far as possible, the unity of Christendom and to prepare the generation of tomorrow for its life's work. It was a natural development that the Jesuit Fathers should become especially chosen instruments in counteracting dangerous errors in South and West Germany, in Austria, and in France, and that they should put forth heroic efforts to save England to Catholic culture and to the religion that made England the isle of saints. It was a natural development that such an all-embracing program and such eagerness to be of service to him who speaks in the name and by the authority of Christ not only should produce specialists in every field but also should arouse enemies within and without the Church. In all their activities the real quest of the Society of Jesus is always souls.

In considering the sanctification of others, St. Ignatius thought first of the people of Catholic countries and then of those of pagan lands. Perhaps one of his first plans was to undertake what had seemed for centuries the insuperable task of converting the Mohammedans to Christ. From the very beginning of the Society we find that the missionary labors of the Jesuits assumed as much importance in India, Japan, China, Canada, and Central and South America as did their apostolate in Catholic countries.

I trust that this celebration will bring home to the youth of this Archdiocese who have missionary minds and hearts the fact that the Jesuit Order is a religious family, which has always attached the greatest importance to missionary endeavors. It is a Society which has written some of the most glorious pages in the missionary chronicles of the Church.

In 1572, that is, only thirty-two years after the approval of the Society, we find Jesuits in Mexico where their work flourished for two hundred years and extended to the California Peninsula. These splendid missions continued until suppressed by royal decree in 1767.

Seventy years after the confirmation of the Society, we find the Jesuits in Canada in what we know today as Nova Scotia. At the close of the first century of their existence, pioneer Jesuits were found in Michigan and in the present ecclesiastical province of Chicago. These early missionary Fathers were intrigued by the waters of our Great Lakes. They were convinced that tributaries from them would enable them to descend to the Gulf of California. Their missionary labors and adventures were for the one purpose of exploring and conquering a kingdom of souls for God. The first published *Mississippi Journal* of 1680 carried names which are familiar to us in our Mid-Western States—Missouri, Kansas, Osage, Omaha. Truly has it been said that the Jesuits "were the first historians of the Western Movement."

While the work of the Jesuit Fathers in the mid-western section of what is now the United States was progressing, another group of English Jesuits began to lay the foundations of the Church in the Maryland Mission, which was destined to achieve marvelous conquests for Christ and for souls. It gave us a glorious father and founder of our American Hierarchy, Archbishop Carroll. It inaugurated institutions of learning that continue their work even to this day.

While Jesuits set foot in Ohio as early as 1720 and surveyed Ohio in 1749, they did not begin their organized apostolate until 1840. In 1825, Bishop Fenwick pleaded with Father Sewall of Stonyhurst, England, to begin a Jesuit foundation in Cincinnati. The saintly first Ordinary of this Diocese made every effort to have a Jesuit succeed him as Bishop, in the hope that the educational work of the Diocese would be put on a solid footing. When the pioneer Fathers came to Cincinnati in 1840, they found a city of only forty-six thousand inhabitants.

Bishop Fenwick began the first seminary in Cincinnati and dedicated it to St. Francis Xavier in May, 1829. Two years later the new college building, known as the Athenaeum, was opened. This institution, conducted by the diocesan clergy for nine years, gave way in 1840 to Xavier College which together with the seminary was entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers. The parish of St. Francis Xavier, its grade and high schools, Xavier University, the house of the Novitiate at Milford, and the beginning of a new parish dedicated to that peerless champion of the faith, St. Robert Bellarmine, have been some of the fruits of Jesuit labor during a hundred years.

I wish to emphasize the fact that the Holy See, having declared St. Robert Bellarmine a Doctor of the Church, made him one of the patrons of this Archdiocese. I hope every priest of this jurisdiction and every informed lay person will cultivate special devotion to him and work under his inspiration. We need

the learning, the resourcefulness, the courage, the consuming love for souls of St. Robert Bellarmine to state the Catholic position in our day, in order to win the millions of well-meaning persons who sincerely want to be directed truthward.

For upwards of a century the clergy and laymen of this city received their secondary education in the Jesuit schools. I feel today that there are at my command no words with which to express adequately the gratitude of the priesthood of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati to the Society of Jesus. In the name of the priests, the religious sisters, and the laity who have been educated in St. Xavier College and in Xavier University, I thank the Fathers of the Society.

Today the Jesuit retrospect of four hundred years in the Church and of one hundred years in this Archdiocese is truly inspiring. The primary object of every religious institute is to sanctify its members, and its secondary object is to help others, by various means, in their sanctification. The record of Jesuit sanctity is the greatest achievement of the Society. We find twenty-four Jesuit Saints and one hundred and forty-one Blesseds. Among the many saints raised to the altar by Pope Pius XI is St. Andrew Bobola, a Polish Jesuit who won the crown of martyrdom nearly two hundred years ago and who today is the national patron of martyred Poland. His torture before his death might well typify the recent inhuman dismemberment of his country. Those who exult over a crushed and dead Poland are not taking into account St. Andrew Bobola. Let us earnestly pray to him to intercede with God that Poland may rise again gloriously and continue to be a fearless witness of the faith. Among the Jesuit saints canonized by Pius XI are eight who shed their blood for Christ on the North American continent, three of whom suffered within the present confines of the State of New York. Only God knows the hidden saints who have been united in the bonds of

divine charity through the inspiration of St. Ignatius and the apostolic labors of his devoted sons.

Today the Society of Jesus begins its fifth century in the Church and its second century in this Archdiocese. I venture to think that Pius XII faces a greater task in overcoming the evils of today than did Paul III in 1540 when he came to a full realization of the errors of the sixteenth century and of the potential consequences of the religious and economic revolution. Our earnest, constant prayer must be that God may so guide our Holy Father that he may arouse the whole world to turn to Christ as the only Saviour of mankind. We may be sure that today the Society of Jesus, through its saintly Father General, pledges the prayers, the labors, and the lives of all his spiritual sons in the combat. At this moment no religious man or woman in the world can be neutral. On the one hand, there is God and all that Divine Providence has done for a sinful world; on the other, are the avowed enemies of God—enemies not because of human frailty, but legions, such as the world has never known, organized to attack God directly by denying His existence, by ridiculing His attributes, and by scoffing at His Divine Son.

We may feel with a certain confidence that Almighty God with all His omnipotent power has not yet moved over the forces of this insane war that is attempting to destroy the cultural achievements of all the Christian centuries and even wipe out Christian civilization itself. It would seem, too, that the omnipotence of God has not yet intervened to strike down the atheistic forces of our day. Let us pray earnestly and continuously with the Vicar of Christ for divine intervention. God may require that our prayers be long and persevering and that we unite with them voluntary penance and mortification. May our prayers hasten divine intervention! Through them may the whole world recognize the power of God made manifest in the war

horizons and in the midst of atheistic forces! Would that there were a voluntary enlistment of all Catholics and of all souls in the world that love Christ and adore Him as God, in order to pray for peace and for the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth! It is not the people of the nations but their leaders who want war. If the whole world could be induced to get down on its knees and to pray for peace, we can confidently hope that God will break the power of ambitious and war-mad leaders. The greatest power on earth to put an end to war will be prayer.

May it please God to make the Society of Jesus a potent instrument in the revolution of our day as it was in the revolution of four hundred years ago.

A. M. D. G.

THE JESUIT CONTRIBUTION TO THEOLOGY

VERY REV. THOMAS PLASSMANN, O.F.M.
PRESIDENT, ST. BONAVENTURE'S COLLEGE

Address given at the Symposium on Jesuit Scholarship on the occasion of the three day Quadricentennial Celebration of the Society of Jesus, St. Louis University, October 25, 26, 27, 1940.

If I have taken the liberty of approaching my subject through the stately portals of the majestic Church of the Gesù in the Eternal City, my choice was motivated by three convictions: first, because I learned to love this sacred shrine where the body of the Champion of Loyola rests, where Bellarmine thundered his powerful message to a restless world, where every stone and stroke of the brush tell us of the early struggles, labors as well as hopes, of the infant Society; second, because I admire the classic lines, the lofty vaults, the rich adornment of this noble structure which embodies the true Renaissance of Catholic faith, and, with typical Baroque exuberance, the quickening of the spirit at a time when the letter alone claimed sway; and third, because I believe that this glorious monument of stone, marble and gold in a measure bespeaks the character of the love and labor spent upon the temple of Catholic theology by the sons of Ignatius within these four centuries, now happily concluded on this day of jubilee.

Somehow the Spirit of God, who "breatheth where He will" (John 3.8), consistently reveals Himself as an architect in all His manifold and mysterious operations on man's behalf. "Omnium enim artifex docuit me Sapientia" (Wisd. 7.21). The temple I speak of is

not made by human hand nor by the grace of God; it is not of material stone nor of the "lapides pretiosi" purchased by the Saviour, but of the articles of faith and theological thought, whose builders stand on the mountain with Moses, gazing upon and copying the pattern as the Holy Spirit unfolds it through the ages— the sacred science of theology.

The task of the theologian is hard and heavy, but the Master guarantees that his work shall be guided and his victory made certain when He pledges that the Spirit of Truth "shall abide with you, and shall be in you" (John 14.17). With a touch of irony Ecclesiastes remarks wisely: "Cuncta fecit bona in tempore suo, et mundum tradidit disputationi eorum" (3.11). Twelve centuries of tremendous mental labor are compressed in the brief definition of theology by the Seraphic Doctor: "Scientia theologica est veritatis ut credibilis notitia pia" (De Donis Sp. Sancti, Coll. IV., n.5. op. om. p.474 b). Practically down to his day the sacred volume of the Scriptures had served the schools and scholars as their only text. In fact by theology was meant the study of the "Sacra Pagina". "Est speculum nobilissimum", avers St. Bonaventure but, unlike the other sciences, it cannot be retrenched behind "the laws of reasoning, defining and dividing" (Prol. in Brevil., Op. Dei. p. 201 b), and it is for this reason, he adds in the sympathetic vein of a patient teacher, that our beginners in theology must spend long periods of time before they can even distinguish the trees in this "silva opaca" (ib., p. 208).

And yet, ever since the day when John the Evangelist laid down his inspired pen, the Fathers of the East and West hewed from the deep quarries and carved from the mighty oaks of this "silva opaca" materials which they laid upon the open plain of theological discussion. Augustine of Hippo overtowers them all. His giant intellect measures out the broad lines of the project in *De Fide et Symbolo* and *De Civitate Dei.* Later St. John of Damascus, the last of

the eastern Fathers, ingeniously sets forth in the third part of his *Fons Scientiae* the four chief divisions of the theological deposit; and, according to his plan Peter the Lombard of the 12th Century raised his majestic frame-work of the *Libri Sententiarum.* The plan was still primitive and is reminiscent, it would appear, of the plain basilica style of cruciform design.

The commentators and summists of the thirteenth century were master builders. Alexander of Hales, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Bonaventure, John Duns Scotus, though following in the main the outline of the Lombard, perfected, each in his own way, the details and proportions of the building. Nor can it escape our attention that where the immortal *Summa Theologica* of the Angelic Doctor created three general divisions, reserving the "Verbum Incarnatum" for the last, the *Breviloquium* of the Seraphic Doctor places Christ, the "Summus Hierarchus", in the very center of his seven symmetrical parts. Be that as it may, at the end of the period, the structure of theology stood before the world upon a high mountain, and, like a "beata visio", told the story of the "coelestis urbs Jerusalem", either, as Franz Hettinger would have us believe, in the majestic and somber Romanesque style of heaven descending upon earth, or in the aspiring and graceful Gothic design of the earth ascending to heaven.

Although the Society never claimed theology as its special field of labor, there is truth none the less in a familiar statement I often heard from a venerated Franciscan teacher in Rome, viz. that the Society of Jesus is a society of theologians. I like to picture the early company of Jesus, all a-fire with enthusiasm to carry the Banner of their King to the farmost ends of the earth, when suddenly they halted before the portals of God's edifice, to see it shaking in its very foundations. There was no time lost. A sacred duty called. The soldiers turned builders and filled the great

piazza, their sword in one hand the trowel in the other (Neh. 4, 17).

Nor have the sons of Ignatius ever claimed a theology with characteristics peculiar to their Order. Because when they entered the field, the age of speculation had ceased and larger and more practical issues confronted them. With heart and soul they rallied around the ancient faith. And yet, partly for this very reason, and partly because of their spiritual outlook on the world about them, Jesuit contributions to theology reveal certain generic traits.

TRAITS

Nice and Trent can tell the story. While the Fathers at Nice professed the ancient Credo under the sheltering Byzantine dome of the "Una, sancta, catholica et apostolica Ecclesia", the Fathers in Trent were forced to move out-doors. The house which had afforded them protection, had become a fortress of defence. From the highest rampart, it would appear, Paul III dictated the decree approving the Society, "Regimini militantis Ecclesiae". With rare vision the Council placed on the table, beside the Sacred Scripture, the *Summa* of Aquinas and the *Corpus Juris*. And the sons of Ignatius were not slow to grasp the spirit of the new order. Wisely the *Ratio Studiorum* encircled the sacred precincts with the time-honored arcade of the Liberal Arts, in medieval parlance the "septem columnae sapientiae", and consolidated the ground with huge blocks of the "philosophia perennis".

Using as their measuring rods the words of Paul, "Depositum custodi" (I Tim. 6, 20), and those of Pope Stephen, "Nihil innovetur", they proceeded to repair "the foundation of the apostles and prophets" and the ancient faith in "Jesus Christ the chief cornerstone" (Eph. 2, 20), anchoring them solidly into the Rock upon which the building rested. From both the written and oral word of God, from Scripture, Tradition and the historical sciences, new material was

hauled to reinforce and redintegrate with positive proofs the walls and roof, the pillars and buttresses of God's holy temple. The new was harmoniously fitted into the old, "Nova et Vetera", and hence it would seem that a happy blending of sound conservatism with healthy progress should be considered the first trait of the Jesuit school.

More harassed but also more fortunate than the older schools, the Jesuits were in position to survey a larger world, ever since the ships of Columbus had traversed the Atlantic. On the bright morning of this spiritual rebirth the name and mission of Catholicism had spread its rays over distant shores and had penetrated phases of human life and thought hitherto unknown. More space was needed in God's temple and new skills and new experts had to be summoned. Raise the façade! Widen the nave! Vault the ceiling on high! So they urged and labored, as if actually directing the construction of the lofty walls of the Gesu. And when at the end of these four hundred years we observe that the initials, S. J., have adorned with force and grace every department of theology, we should properly designate expansion and universality as the second outstanding trait of this movement.

And the third trait is not far to seek as we pace through the spacious temple, where every pillar and arch and cornice teems with life and energy, where every space reveals the "glory and wealth" of God's ancient house (Ps. 111, 3). Over-exuberant some may say: but so is nature's Spring, and so is Christ's living Church. And yet through this exuberance shines forth the "rationabile obsequium" towards the "glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Eph. 3, 27). And there is evidence of the exquisite art "Sentire cum Ecclesia". Hence critical electivism based on practical Catholic sense would be my choice for the third trait of Jesuit contributions to theology.

THE PRIMACY

To say that St. Ignatius founded the Society to quell the Reformation is to underrate his real motives, on the one hand, and on the other, to overrate the natural course of things in this very little world. The peaks of Sinai, Thabor, Monte Cassino, La Verna and Manresa vie with "the everlasting hills" and reach high into the infinite, the eternal. Only one voice is heard on those heights: "Ad omnia quae mittam te, ibis" (Jer. 1, 7). Francis of Assisi came down to re-enkindle love in human hearts; Ignatius of Loyola descended to enlist their loyalty to the King Eternal. To Ignatius loyalty to Christ meant loyalty to Peter. Hence unswervingly he bound himself to the Holy See and, anchoring his new Order deep into the Rock, he sealed this allegiance of his men with a special vow of obedience.

In the turmoil of the day the early Jesuit theologians quickly detected the fundamental issues: the Bible, the Church, the Papacy. The first demanded authentic interpretation, the second unifying organization. And Peter's was the only voice that could demand a hearing and command submission.

This hearing was given at Trent where Father Lainez vigorously and conclusively defended the infallible and supreme authority of the Pope. Branded as "the champion of Papalism", he led the whole chorus of Jesuit theologians whose protracted battle against Gallicanism is a matter of history. In defining Papal Infallibility the Vatican Council weighted its decision chiefly upon St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Robert Bellarmine.

The latter, as well as Suarez, Santarelli and Becanus, exercised wise fore-sight, notwithstanding authoritative opinions to the contrary, in discarding earlier medieval concepts and propounding a mediate authority of the Holy See in things purely temporal. Standing firmly by the axiom, "Render unto God the things

that are God's", they stressed the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ as the Teacher and Judge in matters, ethical, moral, doctrinal and spiritual; as the symbol and safeguard of Christian unity throughout the world.

Small wonder then that through the centuries the Jesuits had to bear the brunt of the battle against the Papacy in every land, even to the point of shedding their blood. And no greater test of faith was ever witnessed than when by Apostolic decree the Society was suppressed and the "rectores tenebrarum harum" triumphed. Surely there were sporadic protests, but the solemn pledge of loyalty prevailed.

SACRED SCRIPTURE

With the faith of fifteen hundred years in their hearts, the Fathers of Trent wrote down with firm and reverent hand the decree "De Sacra Scriptura". With clarity and finality they set forth the inspired character, the canon and the authentic text of the "Sacra Pagina" which in a thousand streams had transfused light and life, culture and learning to the medieval world. Forthwith a revival of Biblical studies arose, and the sons of Ignatius are seen in the front ranks. Their humanistic training and the study of biblical languages served them in good stead. Wisely their *Constitutions* laid emphasis on the literal interpretation and on the reservation of final judgment to the Church.

The golden age of the Fathers had apparently returned, as Leo XIII avers, for once again the time-worn pages of God's Book gave to the world its hidden treasures of wisdom, spirituality and doctrine in a language though not new, still better suited to a more realistic age. The art of printing facilitated the tremendous output of exegetical writings which were at once critically healthy and eminently practical. And the *Summa,* the child of the Holy Bible, drew new life and vigor from its ever youthful parent. In the Society

Salmeron, the founder of biblical theology, led the way and was followed by the foremost exponents of this classical exegesis, such as Toletus—in the words of Gregory XIII the most learned man of his time,—Maldonatus, Serarius and a host of other Jesuit writers in all European countries.

The name of Cornelius a Lapide spreads lustre over the seventeenth century which witnessed the gradual yielding of biblical to patristic and historical studies, though the zeal for the Written Word seems never to have died in the Society. And when after the onrush of Rationalistic Criticism in the nineteenth century Leo XIII aroused conservative scholarship to the new danger, the answer to his call lay already on his desk. It was the monumental *Cursus Scripturae Sacrae*, written in exile by Fathers Cornely, Knabenbauer and von Hummelauer. A still more impressive and enduring response to Leo's call is embodied in the excelling work of the Biblical Institute at Rome in charge of the Society.

HISTORICAL SCIENCES

When the Fathers of Trent turned from the Written Word and decreed that Sacred Tradition should be treated "pari pietatis affectu ac reverentia" (Sess. 4), they not only spoke the mind of the entire past, but also opened its record to critical research for future generations. The process proved slow, but the harvest bountiful.

The *Loci Theologici* of Melchior Cano had pointed the way to positive theology. The *Annales* of Baronius followed the trail and opened new vistas. The Jesuit has not the advantage of monastic stability. His interests are multiple; his movements swift; his armor light. Many a task well begun is sacrificed to the call of obedience. In spite of this, such monumental collections of source material as the *History of the Councils* by Labbé and Hardouin, the patristic-dogmatic researches of Garnier and Petavius, the *Mémoires de*

Trévoux, the collections of Cardinal Mai and above all the immortal *Bollandiana* arouse the grateful admiration of scholars. Meanwhile it is significant that at the time when historical investigation branched out into numerous specific sciences, such as archaeology, patristics, hagiology, the history of the Church, of theology, of the Councils and the like, we find the sons of Ignatius blazing the trail in every department either by means of masterly monographs and manuals or through scientific periodicals in every land and every tongue.

DOGMATIC THEOLOGY

It was a vehement protest that Roger Bacon of the School of Grosseteste at Oxford launched against the "Solemn Doctors" of Paris as they carried into the classroom their weighty summas—a "horse-load" as he sarcastically called them—to usurp the place of honor from the "Sacra Pagina". But the old Church, trained by an experience of well-nigh thirteen centuries, calmly ignored the assault as she has ignored the singular views of many an erudite scholar, including even the illustrious Jerome. And now, three hundred years later, with a firm hand she placed the *Summa* on the professor's cathedra.

That was the formal cause of the renaissance of Dogmatic Studies. The material factors had ripened west of the Pyrenees. The creeping roots of Nominalism had not reached over this mountain range; the Moorish dominion was crushed, and humanistic studies flourished in the rarified atmosphere of Alcala, Evora, Coimbra and Salamanca. Here the first disciples of Ignatius had been trained by eminent Dominican teachers, such as Dominicus Soto. Thus intimately linked to the *Summa* from the very beginning the Jesuit dogmatists proved a telling factor in the scholastic revival, and their erudite contributions had no small share in giving new brilliance to the star of the "Doctor Angelicus et Communis".

Francis Toletus, Gregory of Valencia, Gabriel

Vasquez, Diego Ruiz led the way at various centers of learning, but all were surpassed by the Prince of Jesuit theologians, Francis Suarez, the "Doctor Eximius". Covering the *Summa* from the first page to the last, his prolific pen illuminated every new phase and problem of theologic thought and research in a most thorough, objective and none the less appealing manner.

It is worthy of note that the impressive galaxy of Jesuit theologians of this period were at once dogmatists and specialists in various fields. The advantages of this proved reciprocal, healthy and fruitful. Guided by the dogma of the Church these scholars revitalized and enriched the structure of old by positive theology, so aptly and abundantly drawn from the Scriptures and other historical sources.

After a temporary standstill rather than a decline of dogmatic studies in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Critical Rationalism of Descartes elicited close scrutiny. New trends within the scope of both systematic and practical theology demanded re-adjustment. It was then that a wave of small treatises issued forth and gradually the *Summa* yielded to the smaller manual: the folio and quarto to the sexto-decimo. True to their inherent urge towards universality, the Jesuits asserted their place in every department down to the Suppression which followed on the heels of the monumental and still useful theological encyclopedia of the *Wirceburgenses.*

Nor had the Suppression broken their spirit. Stronger than ever before they returned and the nineteenth century welcomed them, and needed them. Promptly they occupied their former stronghold and espoused enthusiastically the cause of the Neo-scholastic revival. Under the leadership of such scholars as Kleutgen and Hurter, DeSan and Perrone, Franzelin and Mazzella, Palmieri and Pelster, Billot, Ehrle and Christian Pesch, they moved forward rapidly to establish a

critical analysis of all modern errors and a grand synthesis of the truth, both old and new.

The scholastic mould, duly integrated with critically tested positive material, is typical of Jesuit dogmatists. The dogmas of Justification and the Primacy were set on solid biblical and patristic ground. In his ingenious theory of the "Scientia media" Louis Molina gave us the key to a deeper understanding of the mystery of Divine Grace. Regardless of the relative value of this system its abiding merit lies in its emphasis on the free will of man. Personally I admire the broad-minded electivism of the theologians of the Society which is based on the sound presumption that the Church is greater than its greatest champions, and which has brought it about that frequently the Black Robes and the Brown Robes have joined hands over the tomes of the Doctor Irrefragabilis, the Doctor Seraphicus, and last but not least the Doctor Subtilis et Marianus.

APOLOGETICS

For several centuries the discussion of Cano's fundamentals remained confined within the framework of dogmatic theology. But the controversies of the sixteenth century and the concomitant departures over the vast field of positive theology gradually forced the battle to the door of the Church. "Ostium Ecclesiae est Praedicatio Evangelica", says St. Bonaventure (Serm. de Temp., Epiph. II, Op. Om. IX, p. 154). Surely, if an inscription were to adorn the imposing façade of the Gesù it should read: *Disputationes de Controversiis Christianae fidei*". This monumental work of St. Bellarmine, Doctor of the Church, truly breathes forth the temper of the age and makes the old Church look straight into the eyes of a new world. And as of yore, "the queen stood at thy right hand, in gilded clothing, surrounded with variety" (Ps. 44, 10). It was not depth of speculations that gave such force and grace to Bellarmine's words but

his remarkable acumen, his wealth of erudition and his dignity withal. A host of colleagues should be mentioned here; among them Gregory of Valencia, Tanner, Gretser, Becanus, Coster and Campion whose *Decem Rationes* attracted universal attention.

Under the general name of Polemics the Catholic defence kept spreading over a vast area in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries until the nineteenth, when the new philosophy without, as well as extreme trends within, urged the union of all the forces into one system, known by the name of Apologetics. It may be truly said that since Bellarmine's day every phase and shade of error or unsound philosophy has been challenged and refuted by the pen of a Jesuit, until the present hours. And whether the fiery darts came from a hidden ambush on the mountainside or from the clouds above, they never escaped this gallant air craft device. It has been a real test of the Jesuit system, and the system has proved its worth. Outstanding among the countless works, monographs and periodicals is the *Dictionnaire apologétique de la foi catholique.*

PRACTICAL THEOLOGY

From the doctrinal and historical we pass on to the practical sciences as we find ourselves in the great vaulted nave of God's temple with the "plebs sancta Dei". We stop at the Tribunal of Penance. As stated above, the early theologians filled the roles of dogmatists and moralists alike. The pressure of canon law gradually led to a separation. The Jesuit, Henriquez, was the first to use the term, "Theologia Moralis", which reached its zenith in the seventeenth century. In this department Lessius and De Lugo easily rank with Suarez and the earlier writers. They established a leadership in this science which the Society has never forfeited and which has been enhanced from age to age.

The study of law remained intimately linked up

with moral theology and rose to great heights in the eighteenth century. Casuistry which may be called the handmaid of the two, developed apace. It would serve no purpose to recite the legion of celebrated names, but it is gratifying to note that in our own day scholars like Gury and Ballerini, Lehmkuhl and Vermeersch, Ferreres and, not to be overlooked, Sabetti-Barrett, uphold the standard of old.

It is well known that the training of worthy confessors was the primary care of St. Ignatius and the early generals of the Society. Sensing Jansenistic trends at a distance the Jesuit moralist has always traced a short-cut between the Confessional and the Communion railing. He caught the true meaning of St. Paul's word: "Probet autem se ipsum homo: et sic de pane illo edat", (I Cor. 11, 28). If he appears to tend towards lenience, God's infinite mercy will stand by him; and if he staunchly upholds the system of Probabilism, he will spare the confessor many a drop of perspiration, and the penitent much unnecessary anguish.

Casuistry is among the numerous negatives imputed to the Jesuits. To begin with, I consider it my duty to declare that among the Dominicans and the Franciscans casuistry flourished long before the Society was born. The *Summa Angelica* is sufficient proof. But let us remember that casuistry is technique. It is meant for the lawyer, not for the laity. It is based on the scriptural guarantee that the confessor is a judge, who received his commission by the Saviour's word, "Quorum remiseritis peccata". He has to do with sins and crimes, and the most abominable of them. To accuse the casuist of lowering the standard of morality is the same as to accuse the lawyer or doctor of lowering their profession by stepping down to the lowest, for the purpose of detecting and curing physical or moral evil. Pascal, in his *Provincial Letters,* completely misses the point when he fails to distinguish between the sanctity, purity and severity of

the law and the frailty and misery of the law breaker. The sacrament of reconciliation sustains the former by imparting new strength to the latter. And its scope is set by the infinite mercy of God. Not that we desire to exonerate all Jesuit theologians from every error or default in their strenuous fight against Jansenism, but we would judge their sincerity by the standard of the *Spiritual Exercises* rather than by their works on casuistry. And if by reason of their acumen, legalistic subtlety and sound Aristotelian logic they have succeeded in setting forth clear-cut principles and unravelling intricate problems in the domain of moral theology, more power to them, and may God continue to bless their sagacity.

In their learned tractates on law, Suarez, Lessius and De Lugo do not confine themselves to the Sanctuary, the Primacy and the Church, but apply St. Paul's curt admonition, "Unusquisque in suo ordine" (I Cor. 15, 23), to the world without. Their contact with Gallicanism and similar tendencies prompted them clearly to define "the things that are Caesar's" and, as a result, they have given to the world a real, lasting and invaluable contribution to the laws that govern human society, both nationally and internationally. As was to be expected, they championed the rights of human liberty and cleared the world stage for genuine Christian democracy.

As we turn to the domain of pastoral theology in its various aspects, I should venture the opinion that within the Society the cathedra and the pulpit are fairly interchangeable terms. His long and thorough training makes the Jesuit equally fitted for both, and both he equally adorns with truth, clarity and dignity. Bourdaloue, Beauregard, Ravignan, Segneri, Skarga, Canisius are only a few names picked at random from an unbroken galaxy of celebrated pulpit orators. But the name Canisius has a special charm.

Canisius, Saint and Doctor of the Church, realized what St. Ignatius had intended and upon what the

Society has bent its efforts for centuries, viz. to exemplify the Saviour's command: "Pasce agnos meos". The time was ripe, and since that day his confrères have exhausted all pedagogical resources to make the science and art of catechetical instruction the bulwark of the faith of God's people.

LITURGICS AND ASCETICS

So much for the Imperium and Magisterium Ecclesiae. There remains the Ministerium. Not directly part of their daily life and routine, sacred liturgy has nevertheless riveted the interest of Jesuit scholars mainly from the doctrinal, historical and aesthetic angles. The output of liturgical literature under the sponsorship of the Society has been rich and continuous, but it stands in no comparison with the inexhaustible flow of devotional literature in all lands and tongues through which the sons of Ignatius have fostered sound and solid piety among the flock of Christ. What the brush and chisel have accomplished on the classic pilasters and vaulted ceilings of the Gesù, the same was effected by preaching and prayer in God's invisible temple—the hearts of the faithful. The uninterrupted defence of the Immaculate Conception of the Queen of Heaven in the schools of the Society had an academic as well as devotional purpose. The *Acta Sanctorum* of Bollandus sprang from the same spiritual motive. And there remains the center and heart of all, the Tabernacle. To me it is a matter of pride and joy that two favorite themes of the Franciscan school, the devotion to the Sacred Wound in the Saviour's Side and that to Christ the King should have culminated in the schools and churches of the Society in the "Cultus Sanctissimi Cordis Jesu"—the King of eternal glory with a heart all burning for the children of men.

It behooves us devoutly to open the *Book of the Spiritual Exercises,* before the Tabernacle, in the hallowed silence of the Sanctuary. The Alpha and Omega of the vast ascetical literature and of the art

of the spiritual life, as set forth and built up by the sons of Ignatius with a thoroughness and devotion all their own, this marvellous book underscores the Saviour's prophecy: "By their fruits you shall know them". It is the key to the *Constitutions,* to the *Ratio Studiorum,* to the work of the Society in the far-flung empire of Christ of these four hundred years. If you wish to understand the Jesuit and his system, read this Book.

In the days of Francis the world had grown cold; he aroused it by the Gospel of love. In the days of Ignatius it had grown independent—subjective; he demanded obedience to objective authority. Francis, the Troubadour, heralded the liberty of God's children in nature's beautiful temple. Ignatius, the Knight, proclaimed "the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free", in the roar of battle. The former chose the intuitive, the latter the methodical way; both run parallel to the Golden Gate where all roads must meet. Condemn the *Spiritual Exercises,* and you condemn St. Paul's Fourteen Epistles; you disparage the "narrow road" of the Gospel. This Book has the power to reveal man's innermost self and to fashion him, as the same Apostle avers, "in virum perfectum, in mensuram aetatis plenitudinis Christi". (Eph. 4, 13.)

What then is the essence of Jesuit theology? I would much prefer to call it Spiritual Education in the best and most evocative sense of the term. For it seeks to bring the creature back to the Creator; to lead the human soul, God-like, free, immortal, by the straight, practical and unfailing route to the Heart of the Great King, "in doctrina, in integritate, in gravitate" (Tit. 2, 7)—"Ad majorem Dei gloriam".

A. M. D. G.

400th ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOCIETY

THE MOST REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D.,
BISHOP OF OKLAHOMA CITY AND TULSA

Sermon Given at the Pontifical Mass Opening the Three Day Celebration at Saint Louis University.

"Behold I have made thee this day a fortified city and a pillar of iron and a wall of brass." Jer. 1.18.

"What was the most beautiful and inspiring picture you ever saw?" I was asked. I answered: "It was not on earth that I saw it but from an airship above the clouds. The ceiling that day was low. We had to mount through it and fly high above it when the sun was about to set on the western horizon. A vast reach of clouds brightened by the declining rays of the sun, like a sea with white-caps formed by the light catching little wandering patches of mist here and there, stretched out below us. Cloud mountains, deeply purple, appeared in the distance and a river seemed to be flowing down from the central figure of the giant group dropping toward the sea through fields of sedges tipped with gold. The colors of evening blended into each other. I caught my breath. The thought came to attempt to describe the scene. I found pencil and pad but could not write a line. The picture held mind and eyes captive. But I did not need to write, for I have not been able to forget."

There are human figures who to history's chronicles are what the sun was to the clouds in that picture. Their lives illumine them, but the results cannot be portrayed faithfully in speech or writing. One feels

such lives, one remembers them; they are unforgettable. They begin at critical moments in the life of the race, stay a little while and go away leaving legacies. It is in the legacies they live to the end.

One of these immortal figures, after four centuries, rises in memory before us today. His name in physical existence was Ignatius of Loyola. In his present life his name is the Society of Jesus.

My cloud vision did not seem to me a complicated picture. There was unity in it in spite of the deep purple mountains, the golden river, the light-tipped sedges and the vast sea. I saw it as a very simple picture. Thus appears too the picture of Ignatius and his work. The sun bound the details of my cloud vision together. The one great purpose of Ignatius —"the greater glory of God"— binds together the details of one of the most brilliant records of success in all history. His simple story is a great story. It began and progressed in a simple way: a wounded soldier, a book of inspired paragraphs, a dream of paradise and a clear vision of the long road by which to reach it, a conversion, a sacrifice, a weary way, a cave, a school, a university, a chapel and a Mass, a broken plan, light, strength, companions, realization, success, a legacy flung joyously into the future, and then sleep with a dream of paradise turned into paradise won. All quite simple when pressed into a single paragraph: but let it expand into the whole record and there is everything to awaken admiration: war and peace, love and mercy, failure and triumph, scourges and crowns, high romance. Nothing in history is quite like the story of Ignatius of Loyola. He believed that he could do what his heart yearned to do only in the God who called him to the labor. He was a man so humble that he did not want to sign the picture he made, a man so spiritual that he knew it was not his but Christ's, a man so clear of vision that to save one soul, his own, he planned to save millions and saved them. Other men had conquered empires and in gold and ermine ruled from thrones. This man who

limped when he walked conquered more than empires and ruled scholars and saints from a chair a lord would not put into his kitchen. But at the end of his life he closed his tired eyes on a hundred colleges of his foundation. Within a century later there would be five hundred and seventy more to follow, with twenty-eight universities. If the vision of the dying lengthens out into the prophetic, Ignatius knew of them. Nevertheless if Ignatius could have erased his name and blotted out his fame in exchange for one soul in addition to his own he would gladly have accepted the deal and called it a bargain.

Ignatius of Loyola was a soldier. He had fought as a soldier, and as a soldier of his country he had shed his blood and broken his bones. But as a soldier for his country he knew that he had merely been swinging a sword. He set the mark higher and became a soldier of Christ. For Christ he became also a strategist. Not the least strange part of his story is how he did it. His planned strategy had nothing in common with that of military leaders except the discipline and obedience required of all soldiers. Ignatius became a strategist by writing a book: a book that seemingly had nothing to do with the marshalling of mass movements or with anything else that the military world called generalship. His book was a simple book about his his own soul and every other soul. He called it *Spiritual Exercises*. St. Francis of Sales said that it "converted more souls than it contained letters." It made the Society of Jesus and sustains it. A library would be required at this day to tell what the Society of Jesus did.

How could such a book as that be in truth and fact a master plan of strategy? The answer is that it made each individual who fell under its influence a strategist. Other great strategists worked on masses. Ignatius had no army, no divisions, no regiments: only a few companions, but of each one he aimed to make a general:

that and nothing less. Each even took turns month by month at command. Ignatius had the happy thought of keeping them that way even though he knew, sooner or later, the need would arise of one permanent command. His aim was to fit all for that. St. Bernard, who under obedience had to go often to the courts of kings, said that he carried his little monastic cell always with him. Ignatius knew that his sons would have to go everywhere and often alone, so he had them do for themselves what St. Bernard did for himself, with one small but important change: he trained every soldier to be, when the occasion required, his own army. He did that by the *Exercises.*

The book was, from a literary standpoint, not much of a book. Ignatius kept writing it, out of his rich experience, by addition and revision for twenty-five years before it appeared in print. But he had lived it for all those years and had made others live it. He cared nothing for literary merit. His arrow was aimed at the sun. It was not an original book. It could not be, for the lessons of the spiritual life it taught had been repeated over and over again before him by masters from St. John the Divine to St. Philip Neri, his friend and the Apostle of Rome. But Ignatius did put something of himself into the book. Others called that something "composition of place". I have no better name for what was simply the use of the imagination to unify and vivify mental prayer. What the book did for Ignatius and those who used it was to appraise the values in life, puncturing and deflating the false while sending the true by the way of action toward heaven. The book did not aim at making worldly supermen but at making every man know his relation to God and how to live in productive peace with himself. There was no getting away from the lesson and it was not alone for the Jesuit. It was for everyone from street-sweeper to Pope. There was wisdom enough in it to remake the world if the world would be remade, yet it taught nothing that was not as old as intelligence and as

lasting as eternity. One might say that it was as old as the first living seed that fell upon the prepared earth and yet as new as the first bud on a rosebush in springtime.

The strategy of Ignatius worked well. I said that it required every soldier to be himself an army trained and educated. Soon one, Francis Xavier, gloriously proved its merit. He went to the Orient as an army of one, cut off from Ignatius and his brethren. His strategy was the *Exercises*. With them in his heart he became a conqueror. No wonder that a gifted author wrote: "This little book, so absolutely devoid of literary attraction, of a sobriety that disconcerts at first sight: a little compilation of practical remarks without any details that are very new, without a particularly attractive form, without an order rigorously didactic, but which condenses in practice formulae the experiences of saints, which gives in a few pages the quintessence of what there is of the universal in the asceticism of the past, this book so naked is found to be one of the most powerful that ever was written." It was. Who would have called it a book of strategy for a permanent world battle? At best it seemed to be made for a little personal battle. But in that was its strength, since each soul it won became a cause producing effects which in turn and time themselves became causes. When, later on, plans were made for group action, such as the *Ratio Studiorum* for the education of the young, it was seen that the foundations had already been constructed for all of them by the *Spiritual Exercises*. Ignatius carried out the idea of every monk a monastery by making every Jesuit a general in the cause of Christ through the simple method of training him to win his own soul. He aimed at making saints and succeeded also in making welfare workers, missionaries, teachers and scholars. He aimed at producing love for God and succeeded also in producing love for men. He aimed at the conversion of individuals and succeeded in bringing them to Christ

by the thousands. Here in action was the master strategist whose plan was as simple as the words of St. John: "Little children love one another," yet as universal as the words of his Master: "Teach ye all nations."

The strategy of Ignatius worked everywhere but not without defeats. Was there ever a victor untaught by defeat? Certainly not Ignatius of Loyola; nor did he expect to be one. He had not failed to read the warning of Christ to His Apostles that the time would come when their killing would be thought a favor to God. He was not the kind to ignore such words and still less the kind to fear because he knew them in their literal truth. To his sons he had given his spirit. They too knew and were not afraid. When Xavier had gone to the Indies, Salmeron and Broet left for persecuted Ireland. It mattered not at all to any of them whether they were to fight in peace for peace or to win peace by martyrdom. When Ignatius died he left a legacy of militant sons in Morocco, in Brazil, in the Congo and in Ethiopia. Before the first Ignatian century had ended they were in Peru and Mexico, in China and at the court of the Grand Mogul, in the Philippines, in Constantinople, in Panama, Paraguay, Chile and Syria. A little later they found fertile fields in Persia and Canada and entered Cochin-China, Siam and Tibet. In the years that followed our country saw them, and the seed of their first American university was planted in this new world. To say where they did not go would be difficult. Short is the roll of the nations they have not seen.

But the pay? It was what they expected: dispersion, deportation, imprisonment, slaughter. Their triumph of organization and government in Paraguay was taken from them and ruined. The soil of scarcely any land they entered missed tasting their blood. They died on scaffolds in England, were martyred in Holland, in Calvinistic France. They were thrown into the waters

of the seven seas of the world by the red hands of pirates. Russia crowned thirteen of them with martyr's palms, Ethiopia ten, Hindustan thirty-three, China seven, Indo-China and Siam sixteen, Japan ninety-one. The list is too long to repeat in its entirety, but to the last victim's name it is registered in heaven. These old Jesuits paid far ahead in the red gold of their own blood for the triumphs of the new who built on their strategy and matched their devotion. All, old and new, learned the lesson of the victorious force of the martyr's death. Their first lesson came from the *Exercises* which taught them that a world triumph may be a tinsel robe but it can hide the scars of victory.

I purposely refrain from going deep into historical details. One reason is—this audience. It is Ignatian. To you, Fathers, Professors and Students of St. Louis University, the story is better known than to me. You learned it from having lived in the atmosphere of it. I studied it: you absorbed it. I see it: you feel it. I share it: you possess it. De Ballanche, the French philosopher, said of kings: "A sovereign is not a man, he is a thing: he is an institution, he is a royalty. A sovereign has no liberty: with him the will to affection must be continually on guard so that only the royal will be allowed to speak. The prerogatives of royalty are dowered with great force and irresistible energy, for they are the energy and the force of society and they act independently of the one who is invested with them. The sovereign is the first subject of the laws and the laws which he makes or promulgates can only be the expression of the general will. Without that they are struck into desuetude the instant they are born." Change a few words and you have Ignatius the Statesman. Advance them a few years and you have Suarez and Bellarmine on the "divine right of kings." Ignatius made of his Society the model of a responsible government. Without sacrificing the evident advantages of rule by a single will and a carefully chosen head, he guarded the no less evident advantages of the subject's

rights and privileges. The Jesuit, whether priest or brother-coadjutor, approaches his General in person or by letter without any apology but the conviction of his right and need to do so: but discipline and obedience, marks of the soldier, were by Ignatius made the companions of rights and privileges in the Society of Jesus.

Written history makes too much of disasters and too little of triumphs, too much of wars and too little of peace, too much of conquerors by the sword and too little of conquerors by the word. Why? Because the world furnishes vivid color for one picture and only the plain black on white for the other. Historians, like all writers, want readers and readers are attracted by the exciting and the unusual. "The description of the war-horse of the Book of Job," remarked a literary critic, "makes the book worth reading." But the triumph of interest in the Book of Job does not depend on the depicted fury of the war horse. Rather is it in the lesson of a man's exalted virtue. We often miss the greatest things history has to tell, and lose its most effective examples, in our weakness for excitement and color. We do not need the blood-soaked battlefield to appreciate conquest and glory. Peace has still its victories greater than those of wars: less exciting than the clash of steel against steel, but of high import because of the clash of mind on mind and truth on error. This kind of warfare too has its soldiers, its strategists and its conquerors. Ignatius was all three.

The sons of Ignatius were to pay for success by suffering, but above all by that form of suffering which is most painful and enduring, calumny. Tempests of it arose at the beginning and have ever since continued: tempests in Spain, in France, at the Universities, in Parliaments. Germany poured out floods of anti-Jesuit books and pamphlets. Luther's followers spared no vile epithet: not even that of murderer. The Jesuit became to his haters everything from schismatic to sorcerer. Canisius the Saint was charged even with

apostasy. Persecution in England lasted a hundred years. Peasants in Alsace were stirred up to rioting and killing. Japan, China and Canada had Jesuit martyrs. The tempests came from kings, statesmen, even churchmen. To confiscation the Jesuits became all too well accustomed. Their finest colleges were taken from them. In one city in Mexico I walked through the empty halls, class rooms and library of one of the oldest and finest of them, and from its doors went to see its successor, a house so small that the students had to be gathered for their classes under sheds out of doors. But the Jesuits were still at work persevering in their task. When with a heavy heart the Society was suppressed for a time by papal authority it quietly went out of existence. Ignatius had given his Society no order to live on at the price of disobedience. What the *Exercises* taught was to obey as long as it lived. Its mission to work implied a mission also to cease working at the word of authority. Quietly, except where rulers forced them to continue their labors in community, the Society of Jesus died at that word—and rose again at another.

In the pleasant task of eulogizing—as opposed to the unpleasant task of criticizing—any institution with roots deep down in the soil of history, the easy method would be to offer a long roster of the names of its distinguished members. I could do that, but in a sermon the shortness of which is plainly an appeal for patience, I should not. It is nothing more than plain duty to record the fact that in the case of the Jesuits it is available to anyone who desires to know it. The roster is long and impressive. The Society has carried the Light of the World into all the dark corners of the earth, never conditioning its acceptance of the mission given it by asking how major obstacles could be overcome. For the Jesuit under orders to go, there never were any major obstacles. Xavier took with him on his voyage of conquest to the Far East only his breviary and his cassock. The result might well lead us to won-

der if such absolute poverty might not be at least one condition for winning outstanding success. To the Society of Jesus all who are interested in world missions are indebted, all who realize that only Christ's Gospel can provide safety to the human race, to its peoples, to its nations. Those who believe that all civil authority comes from God through the people, thus lending dignity and force to government, are bound joyfully to group together the great names of the Dominican Thomas and the Jesuit Suarez. But it is not alone on the high planes of theology and philosophy that we find our debt to the Society of Jesus recorded. The bright planes of the arts and sciences carry it. Not a branch of learning but has been enriched by Jesuit research, Jesuit travel, Jesuit discovery, Jesuit teaching by pen and by word. The names on its roster are a goodly part of the record of world benefactors.

I am the bishop of a diocese without Jesuits. But am I? Are there really any such dioceses? Truly none. A Jesuitless diocese is not really a diocese without Jesuits. For me, I have my books: every one of some five thousand a friend. On every shelf are Jesuits awaiting and ready to receive and help me: old friends who knew my needs long in advance, sometimes centuries in advance. Is there any useful subject untreated in books by Jesuit writers? Few, if any. My zealous clergy learned lessons of zeal and devotion from Jesuit zeal and devotion. My soldiers of Christ go out on the lanes and byways, by the highways and the hedges, to compel men to come in, as Xavier did. Jesuit missionaries helped to train them by example. We have the sodality of Jesuit foundation with its blessings. Our negro faithful are proud to own St. Peter Claver for their patron. Devotion to the Sacred Heart brings thousands to communion monthly and for it we have a Jesuit saint to thank. Above all, the Jesuit missionary story inspires our people to aid those who try to try to duplicate it by their offerings of prayers and alms. No, there are no dioceses without the spirit of

Ignatius in action: therefore no diocese without Jesuits.

Somewhere I have heard or read the expression of this thought: "The human spirit survives the catastrophies that coming change the face of the globe. A mysterious rainbow, charged with new destinies, sails always above the great waters." That must have been written during or after a social upheaval which at the time threatened a universal or at least a more than national calamity. It would be a Christian philosopher who struck such a true and hopeful note: true because a succession of saviors have appeared after each great calamity: hopeful because we have no reason to fear that the succession has come to an end. Ignatius of Loyola was one of these saviors, one of the greatest. There is this that all of them had in common: trials which were to many happy but to us who read about them immeasurably sad. So it was with Ignatius. He always expected and even welcomed the divine pain which he entertained with joy because he knew so well who had sent it and why. Chateaubriand gives us a sight of it: "The natural chant of man is sad," he wrote, "even when it expresses happiness. Our heart is an incomplete instrument, a lyre that lacks certain chords, on which we are forced to render accents of joy in tones consecrated to sighings." It is not wise then to expect only alleluias at the jubilee memorials of great men and the works they accomplished. St. John recorded the thought long ago as expressed by the Savior of all mankind: "Every branch on me . . . that beareth fruit he will purge it, that it may bring forth more fruit." (John xv. 1-2). The great waters of the globe again are stirring and we do not yet know how terrible and universal will be the tempest. But however great it may be the promise still stands and He who gave us an Ignatius of Loyola in a dark hour still watches on the towers of Israel.

A. M. D. G.

THE JESUIT CONTRIBUTION TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

DR. CHARLES D. MAGINNIS

Address given by the eminent architect on the occasion of the Exercises of the Catholic Alumni Sodality, Boston, Mass., Commemorative of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Society of Jesus, Sunday, November 17, 1940.

The familiar linking of the Arts and Sciences suggests an affinity which they almost completely deny. Art abides in the realm of the imagination, Science in the world of reality. One is the concern of the spirit, the other of the intellect. Even when Art has an intellectual intention, it aims to reach it through the emotions. There has been agitated debate over the merit of the axiom, "Beauty is truth and truth is beauty," which would appear to say that Art is Science and Science is Art. This is one of those exquisite controversies which once upon a time used to occupy the world when it was otherwise at peace. While there are subtleties which escape all definitions, for our purpose we might be satisfied to accept the less intricate and sufficiently plausible idea that beauty is the function of Art, and Truth the object of Science, merely taking note that rarely, as in the instance of a Leonardo Da Vinci, have the artist and the scientist been united in any marked degree in a single intelligence.

The reflection is provoked by the circumstance that as between the two great interests, the genius of the Society of Jesus has been preponderantly scientific. So striking, indeed, has been this partiality, so distin-

guished the evidences of it, that its historic position in the arts is apt to appear at considerable disadvantage. The astronomical realism of Clavius better expresses the temper of the great Order than would have, for instance, the wistful imagery of a Fra Angelico. If its influence upon the arts has been nevertheless important, it has been an influence that derived from its dominant faculty, a process of logic rather than of tender sentiment.

It is fortunate that it is in the nature of Science that the Jesuit contribution is susceptible of just estimate, else it too must have submitted long ago to that acrid disparagement which never spared other Jesuit achievement. On the other hand, the quality of its gift to the history of art has been repeatedly challenged. Here, however, we have to deal with an interest obviously too volatile to admit infallible standards of appreciation. Art cannot be dissected by scientific method, which is why it so easily propagates critics. It was probably in a spirit of resentment that Rodin the French sculptor, declared that "the faculty of juggling with abstractions by means of words gives literature an advantage over other arts in the domain of thought." As what has come to be known as Jesuit art was a deflection not only from the great mediaeval tradition but even from the high Renaissance it provoked the purists of two schools that were themselves in opposition. The humble monks of the middle age as they laboriously chiseled the stones of their Cathedral little thought they were inciting intellectual controversies that would set a whole race of artistic philosophers by the ears. Today, when the thunders of Ruskin have ceased, and a strange and abrupt philosophy has arisen which would invalidate all history whatever, the past may be examined with less prejudice.

When the Company of Jesus was formally created in 1540 the triumphant course of Christian art was already ended. The Gothic system marked the climax

of an evolution which stemmed from the Roman basilicas where the early Christians first praised God on their emergence from the Catacombs. We must wonder now at the felicity with which a pagan architecture served with so little change the needs of Catholic worship and even more at its capacity to continue its persuasions to the present day. The first movement from immediate pagan influence came in that fusion of Roman and Greek genius under Catholic inspiration which developed the Byzantine art whose crowning achievement in the 6th century was the magnificent Church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, the extraordinary mosaics of which are now being revealed after a long concealment by the Mohammedans for five centuries. The period from the 9th to the 12th century embraced the Romanesque tradition whose vitality was felt throughout almost the whole of Europe. An art of virile austerity which claimed little affinity with Rome of the Empire, it was this which held the seed that finally flowered into the beautiful miracle of Gothic, that phenomenal demonstration of religious genius that may stand for all time, in the words of Rodin, as the highest manifestation of the human spirit. Throughout three centuries it wrought a graciousness upon the countenance of Europe that is its crowning dignity in this present hour. It was the identity of the Church with the democracy of the mediaeval guild which gave us Amiens and Chartres and Rheims and Canterbury and all that familiar and bewildering deposit which articulates the European scene. The modern world has sought from time to time to recover this Gothic inspiration but, as a developing principle, it had lost its pertinence as an historic force in the 16th Century upon the formidable advance of the Renaissance. Art had ceased to be an anonymous revelation and became a vehicle for the triumph of personalities through a sequence which culminated in the astounding genius of Da Vinci, of Raphael and Michelangelo. The great era during which art was

subservient to the religious purpose was ended. Man had entered now on the process of exalting his own consequence. We note for instance how significantly the name of its author leaps to the mind at the mention of St. Peter's, which became not only the outstanding symbol of Christendom but no less the vivid masterpiece of Michelangelo.

The superb level of this accomplishment was not, however, to be sustained and, quick upon it, there began that controversial phase of the Renaissance known as Baroque, which substituted for the classic restraint a rhetorical exaggeration of form. Into the midst of this decline, the Jesuit Order was born. If the design of the Society had not been shaped to larger matters, we might regard this as an historical perversity. But just as the first Christians accommodated themselves to the pagan basilica, so the early Jesuits accepted the artistic legacy of the Baroque. There were sound reasons why they should not protest the synchronism. The Baroque was a vernacular. It belonged to its time, whatever felicities lay back of it. Moreover, life was assuming strange and disturbing patterns, whose implications had to be met with realistic understanding. In this orientation the Jesuits perceived a new pertinence in a contemporary art which made particularly for churches of brilliant and unhampered space, of simplicity of plan shaped to the interest of the pulpit and more intimate relation of the congregation with the altar. These attributes have been accepted ever since as peculiarly of the Jesuit tradition, in contrast with the dim religious light and the long and fretted aisles which so moved the poets who sang of the Cathedrals of the Middle Age. In his History of Art, H. B. Cotterill says, "Christendom was no longer wholly content with splendid memorials at which vast congregations assisted mostly as uninitiated spectators. It was no longer content never to discuss the reason of its faith. The churches adapted themselves accordingly. They renounced the great areas and lofty vaultings of

Gothic Cathedrals and became smaller and lower to be acoustically and otherwise better suited to the convenience of the pious and inquisitive audiences who came to listen to the polemics of popular preachers." We can well believe that the influence of the spoken word had suffered considerably amid the elaborate geometry of the early Gothic system. What had since been so controversial in the churches of the Baroque, which were otherwise of pronounced monumental dignity, consisted in a dramatic exuberance of ornamental detail which was not only a departure from the pedantic simplicity of the Classic but an instinctive protest against the barren architecture of the Reformation that denied the emotional validity of art altogether.

So definitely did the Baroque become the architectural habit of the Jesuits that it is frequently assumed that they invented it.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, once a distinguished curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has said: "The Jesuit style was in existence before the Jesuits. Being gentlemen, they did not debase it but, on the contrary, elevated and ennobled it and made it worthy of artistic consideration."

In the domain of painting, Rubens was the most noted exemplar of the spirit of the style and the corresponding talent in sculpture was the brilliant and erratic Bernini whose later spiritual life was so notably affected by his friendship for the Jesuit General, Padre Oliva, for whom he designed the Church of S. Andrea al Quirinale.

The dramatic spirit of the new art carried enormous influence not only to the ecclesiastical but to the secular buildings of Italy, Spain, France, Belgium and Southern Germany, where it was even more significantly manifest in the new universities and seminaries.

We are accustomed to think of the Roman Churches of the Gesù and S. Andrea Della Valle as the more significant examples of the new manner. Both bear the distinctive stamp by which the Jesuit Churches of the

period elsewhere are easily recognized—the stately façade, articulated by columns and flamboyant sculpture, the magnificent emphasis of the altar reredos, and the splendor of mural painting. I believe the glorification of the altar has been the most constant characteristic. Pozzo, in the Church of Gesù, established the prototype for innumerable Jesuit chancels. The altar of the Immaculate Conception, with its mural painting in the arch overhead, furnishes us a local instance of the impressiveness of this manner.

Pozzo, who was a Jesuit lay-brother, has been termed the greatest technician among the artists of this period, though Fr. Gietman introduces a critical qualification of his extraordinary painting. He says of Pozzo's mural decoration of the Church of St. Ignatius that, in spite of his unrivalled skill and his capacity to achieve almost supernatural effects, only a Baroque age could regard it as devotional art. And modern criticism has noted how in the growth of naturalism through the various developments of the Renaissance and the increasing concern for technical dexterity, Art had lost something precious. Religion still provided the great themes but the artist had become more and more obsessed by his virtuosity to the sacrifice of that reverent sincerity of earlier times when art subordinated itself to the religious intention.

The Jesuit influence upon this tendency was significant. Louis Gillet, a French critic, states that if the Renaissance represented an eclipse of Christian sentiment, Baroque art was a real resurrection. The Jesuits, he says, restored to Art all the importance that had been taken from it. He recalls that St. Ignatius in his "Spiritual Exercises," speaking of the part of the imagination in the psychology of belief, lays much stress on the use of the senses to stimulate religious emotion. This indicated naturalism as a valid attribute; the corollary of this is pathos. Gillet sees a faithfulness to the constant tradition of Christianity in the circumstance that in this period there recurs

the popularity of Franciscan legend. The Vision of St. Francis, the Vision of St. Anthony of Padua, the last Communion of St. Francis of Assisi are significant titles of notable painting in the schools of Antwerp, Bologna, Naples and Seville. Still more significantly, the Renaissance, like the ancient Byzantine, had avoided all portrayal of the sufferings of Christ. The Crucifixion was never painted by Raphael nor Titian nor Michelangelo, but Rubens lavished his genius in depicting it. Gillet reminds us too that the Renaissance had lost both the taste and the sense of narrative which were revived in the 17th century, when the Gospel and the "legenda aurea" were restored to honor.

Thus modified to the Jesuit spirit, the late Renaissance as an ecclesiastical system penetrated far into Europe and carried influence even to the colonies of America where, as Bancroft declared, "no notable city was founded, no river navigated, no cape circumnavigated without a Jesuit showing the way."

In the face of so definite an artistic conviction it is still to be recorded that even in early days the Jesuits made occasional acknowledgment of the ingratiation of Gothic art, notably in the great Church of the Assumption at Cologne and again at Aix-la-Chapelle and Hildesheim. And in that singular faculty of mediaevalism periodically to reassert itself, we cease to be surprised when nowadays we meet the Jesuit in a Gothic setting. For the art of the moment is an aimless thing groping for conviction, now looking wistfully backward into its great past, now fearfully at the implications of a mechanized future. It may ultimately find itself when a mad world comes again to sanity.

As we contemplate the Jesuits in the realm of the Sciences, we have to do less with their corporate influence than with an impressive revelation of individual accomplishment. Ignatius had elected learning as one of the principles of his Company to equip it for encounter with the boldness of the modern intellect. And

its marked devotion to that department of knowledge was no doubt the manifestation of this discipline.

I can present within the limit permitted me only an inadequate account of the men whose scientific accomplishments have brought distinction to the Jesuit order and but the barest implication of the influence of this devotion upon its multitude of students. As in this examination we recall its stormy history, punctuated as it was by political crises and periodic frustrations, we can only marvel at the uncompromising integrity of its tradition.

The earliest Jesuit scientist was Christopher Clavius, a mathematician and astronomer, who was born in Bavaria in 1538 and entered the Society in 1555. To Clavius is credited as his most important achievement the reform of the calendar under Pope Gregory. Accounted the greatest scholar of his time, he was highly esteemed by Johann Kepler, Galileo and Magino and since has been referred to as the Euclid of the 16th Century. Scaliger, a scientific opponent, declared that the censure of Clavius was more palatable than the praise of other men. At his death in 1612, five volumes were published comprehending Euclidean Geometry, Practical Geometry and Algebra, Astrology, Gnomonics and an elaborate defense of the Gregorian Calendar.

The Jesuit interest in Astronomy has been so pronounced as to have suggested the speculation whether it was provoked by the famous phrase of St. Ignatius, "How sordid seems the earth when I look upon the sky!"

Ricci, who completed his scientific studies under Clavius, founded the first Catholic Mission in China where he won the confidence of mandarins and has been compared to Marco Polo. He excited the great curiosity of the Chinese by the introduction of mathematical and astronomical instruments, oil paintings, geographical charts and other evidences of the Western culture. The Mission was subsequently saved by

Fr. Verbiest through his skill as a mathematician. The famous explorer of China, von Richthofen, testified that the Jesuit map of that country, considering its time, was a masterpiece. The astronomical enterprise from the time of Ricci to Hallenstein in 1774 has continued to the modern day. The first Government observatory in Europe was erected in the University of Vienna, then under Jesuit administration.

The beginning of modern Geography has been traced by Ritter to the Acta Sanctorum of the Jesuit Bollandists who collected the crude notes of the early missionaries on the language and religion of the inhabitants on the frontiers of the ancient Roman Empire.

A noted figure in Jesuit annals is Athanasius Kircher of Germany, celebrated for the versatility of his knowledge of the natural Sciences, who entered the Society in 1613. The discovery of some hieroglyphical characters in the library of Speyer made for his earliest attempt at solving the problem of hieroglyphic writing which till then had baffled all scholars. Kircher went to Rome, where, according to Miller, his great industry and scholarship led Pope, Emperor, princes and prelates to vie with one another to promote and sustain his investigations. Interested in earthquakes, it is recorded of him that he climbed into the crater of Vesuvius where, lowered by a rope, he ascertained by his pantometer the exact dimensions of the crater and the nature of its inner structure. The Museum Kircherianum at the Roman College was developed from his collection of antiquities and ethnological remains. He was also a pioneer in medicine and to his inventiveness we owe one of the earliest of our counting-machines, the speaking tube and the magic-lantern which has come to such a remarkable development since.

A talent of special interest to the modern mind was Francesco Lana, an Italian Jesuit mathematician and naturalist, who was the scientific founder of

aeronautics. In a book published in 1670, he describes methods of cipher-writing and writing for the blind, also an apparatus for speaking at a long distance. German savants, such as Leiberiz, Sturn and Lohmeier speak respectfully of Lana's principles which form the basis of modern aeronautics and his importance is receiving historical recognition.

Boscovich, a precocious genius, who began his career by replacing his professor before the expiration of his theological studies, discovered for himself the proof of the theorem of Pythagoras. He made plans to correct the cracking of the great dome of St. Peter's in the middle of the 18th Century, and for the clearing of the Pontine marshes. While in England, he gave the impulse to the observations of the approaching transit of Venus in 1761 and was nominated by the London Academy to head a scientific expedition to California to observe the transit of 1769, when the suppression of the Order dissolved the enterprise.

The founder of Archaeology, according to Hunter, was the Jesuit, Morcelli Antonio Stefana, born 1750, whose discoveries included five acres of a Roman colony in France near Poitiers. It is said that "in his first ten years Stefana exposed monuments enough to have made twenty archaeologists famous." His monument was erected by the French Government.

Even earlier, Fr. Babin about 1660 wrote the first studious account of the modern condition of the ancient ruins of Athens.

Hervas y Panduro, a Spanish Jesuit of the 18th Century, and a friend of Pope Pius VII, who is called the father of Comparative Philology, taught in the Royal Seminary of Madrid at the beginning of a missionary career which ultimately brought him to America. On his return to Rome he was appointed Prefect of the Quirinal Library. His greatest work was a huge treatise of Cosmography, in which he investigates the origin and ethnological relationship of different nations on the basis of Language.

Joseph Bayma, who entered the Society in 1832, is best known by his metaphysical and mathematical work on Molecular Mechanics. In the following year it admitted Angelo Secchi at the age of 15 to the enrichment of its scientific prestige. Secchi was the first to apply photography to the investigation of celestial bodies and the first to study the comets by the properties of polarized light and to measure the heat of the sun's surface and sun spots. He was for a time in America to assist in the management of the Observatory established in Georgetown in 1843.

The British Government has on various occasions selected Jesuit scientists from the College of Stonyhurst to take charge of astronomical expeditions, the best known of whom was Fr. Stephen Perry, Francis Thompson's "Starry amorist."

Coming nearer to our time, we take account of Fr. John Hagan, director of the Observatory of Georgetown and afterwards of the Vatican Observatory, who was reputed one of the twelve leading astronomers of his day; of Fr. Eric Wasmann of Germany, one of the few world-leaders in the field of entomology; of Fr. Von Schrank, one of Austria's most noted scientists in the realm of Botany; of Fr. George Coyle who founded the Institute of Chemical Research and was chosen as Consulting Chemist on dyes during the World War; of Fr. Vittoria under whose direction the Chemical Institute of Barcelona became so celebrated as to place at uncomfortable disadvantage the University of Madrid.

In the field of Meteorology we have to take account of Fr. Algue of the Manila Observatory and Fr. Ghezzi, whose forecasting of typhoons saved thousands of lives and millions' worth of property. Fr. Algue was the inventor of the barocylonometer, an instrument for the detection of typhoons which was once part of the equipment of American battleships.

In physics, Fr. Braun of Bohemia won world-wide reputation for his invention of the *torsion balance*

used in measuring the gravitational pull of the earth; Fr. Gianfranceschi is well-known for his contribution to the Science of Modern Radio and Fr. LeJay earned high place among physicists for his investigations of Magnetic and Gravitational phenomena and for his invention of the LeJay pendulum.

In witness to the contribution which is being made by our American Jesuits still living, we point to Fr. Schmitt of Baltimore, who is acting as Consulting Chemist to the Federal Bureau of Criminal Investigation; to Fr. Frisch of Buffalo who is now upon the Board of Directors of the Wood's Hole Marine Laboratory; to Fr. Repetti the American director of the Manila Observatory who discovered the layer in the earth which has been called by his name; to Fr. Forestall of Colorado, considered the leading Assayist in America; to Fr. Macelwane of St. Louis University, one of the leading authorities in the department of Geophysics; to Fr. Paul McNally of the Georgetown Observatory who directed three expeditions for observation of solar eclipses.

We all know how vividly the modern Jesuit figures in the field of Seismology, whose advance in this country is largely attributed to Fr. Odenbach of John Carroll University of Cleveland. The name of Fr. Tondorf was long familiar to us as the pioneer seismologist of Georgetown. Nearby is the seismological station at Weston under the direction of Fr. Daniel Linehan and Fr. Michael Ahern, one of the foremost stations in the United States which is rapidly gaining international fame. It is the testimony of Dr. Shapley, the noted astronomer of Harvard, that the Jesuits still hold their monopoly in this field of science. It may well be said that their stations form a ring around the earth.

I have given you a suggestion of the sweep of this scholarly curiosity and of the benefits it has brought to our civilization. It must be perceived as an impressive evidence of the spaciousness of our Catholic

culture. A few centuries ago Science confidently sought to take over the universe and consign Religion to the level of an emotion. In this modern day, when signs are not lacking of the reconciliation of this momentous conflict, we are conscious of a profound admiration for the constancy of the Jesuit faith that Nature could hold within itself no secret which threatened the integrity of the Divine Revelation.

By their very violence those evil philosophies that have brought modern society to its present predicament must come to their logical frustration, with promise soon of the dawning of another Renaissance that will restore to mankind its ancient sanctities. In that great drama the Jesuit in a new dedication to the cause of Christ will again be a memorable and historic instrument.

A. M. D. G.

JESUITS, THE FEARLESS FIGHTERS FOR GOD

RT. REV. MSGR. P. M. H. WYNHOVEN

Sermon preached by the President, National Catholic Press Ass'n, and Editor, Catholic Action of the South, during the Mass, celebrated by His Excellency The Most Rev. Joseph Francis Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, for the Alumni and Alumnae of the New Orleans Jesuit Schools on the Second Day of Services Commemorative of the Fourth Centenary of the Society.

Thirteen years ago on a bleak November morning a few hundred miles away from New Orleans, a young man faced a firing squad in the garden of police headquarters in Mexico City. After the command, "Squad, attention! Load! Ready!" the officer in charge walked over to the condemned man and asked him if he desired to make known his last wish. The young man, confronted with immediate death, calmly protested his innocence for the last time and then asked to be allowed to pray. He knelt, holding the rosary in one hand and clasping his crucifix in the other. After a few minutes of intense prayer, he rose, fondly kissed his crucified Savior; stretching his arms in the form of a cross, he cried, "Viva Cristo Rey!", "Long live Christ the King!" The order "Fire" rang out—a volley of shots resounded. With his chest and heart pierced with bullets, he toppled forward, blessing his executioners. The officer approached, bent over the prostrate quivering body and fired another shot through his brain.

Who was the young man that died so bravely? Father Michael Augustin Pro, a Jesuit. Why was he executed—killed? Not because he was a Jesuit, but because he was a fearless priest of God. Why was he a fearless priest of God? Dare I give the answer? Yes—at least a contributing cause of his fearlessness was the fact that he was a Jesuit.

Since the foundation of the Society of Jesus by St. Ignatius of Loyola four hundred years ago, which momentous and epoch making event we commemorate and solemnly celebrate today, the principal object of the Jesuit Order has been the propagation, the strengthening and the protection of the Catholic Faith. The Sons of Ignatius have prosecuted and carried out their founder's great ideals in a most striking and effective way. They have ever since been a power in the world, fighting for God. They have done so faithfully, loyally and fearlessly, irrespective of personal consequences.

The same holy daring that prompted Father Pro to risk his life in an effort to preserve the faith amongst the poor Mexican masses against the wishes of an atheistic government, sent the Jesuit Fathers amongst the hostile Indians of our own Southland to bring them the salvation of Christ's redeeming faith in the middle of the 16th century. Father Martinez was massacred near St. Augustine, Florida, in 1566. Eight of the Fathers were later scalped and killed in Virginia near the Station of Oxaca. Some missionaries tracked Southward along the banks of the Mississippi River, two of them were murdered by the Natchez Indians and one by the Chickasaw.

The Jesuit mission in Canada became famous for its martyrs, brave men, truly heroes of God. On February 27, 1912, eight of them were declared venerable by the Holy See; they are Fathers Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Daniel, Garnier, Chabanel, Jogues and his lay companions, Goupil and Lalande. They were not murdered because they were Jesuits, but because they were fearless men of God.

It is this same fearlessness and holy daring which caused this continent to be sprinkled with the life blood of the Jesuits, that made them all through their history stand up and face the enemies of God in high places: on royal thrones, theological podiums, or in chairs of academic science.

It is this holy daring that makes the Jesuit Order the most powerful organization in the Catholic Church, and at the same time very often the most disliked, criticized, and persecuted. A review of the past four hundred years of this great religious order presents an absorbing story of contrasts: of bitter denunciation and highest praise, of monumental achievements and wrecked projects, of support of some of the world's great and sweeping condemnation by others, of urgent pleas on one hand for its services and demands for its expulsion and suppression on the other. Few religious orders of the Church have suffered the opposition that has been the lot of the Jesuits, yet the labors and achievements of the Society equal or surpass almost anything in Catholic annals.

This bitter opposition that the Society of Jesus has had to suffer down the space of four centuries is its glory. The Jesuits have made enemies because they have been loyal and staunch defenders of God's rights and Christ's principles, because they have been the most formidable champions of Catholic truth.

They have stood persistently against vicious heresy, enemies of the Papacy, intriguing statesmen, and falsely ambitious and jealous clerics: they fought fanatic perverters of Christian doctrine, mutilators of Holy Scriptures, exponents of false philosophies, free thinkers and atheists.

Who were amongst the first priests to be attacked in the domain of Hitler, even in our own day? Jesuit Fathers. Father Frederick Muckermann had to flee for his life; Father von Nell-Breuning may be dead by now for he has not been heard from for over a year; Father Spieker was placed in a concentration camp

where he underwent terrible sufferings and base humiliations and was then exiled to South America. As soon as the satanic Hitler monster entered Holland last May, Father Keyzers, head of a Jesuit philosophical college in Nymwegen, and Father Gegout of the Catholic University in Holland were sent to concentration camps, which means living martyrdom. Why did Hitler lay his besmirched, bloody hand upon those men and make them the victims of his unbelievable cruelty? Not because they were Jesuits, but because by their individual learning and courage, they had opposed him in his pagan propaganda that has already taken the faith out of the hearts of thousands of children, young men and women in Germany.

And so down the centuries the Jesuits invariably being the first to be attacked individually, and persecuted collectively, only proves two things: first, that they are ever alert, ready and fearless to go to the front in God's battle; secondly, that the devil considers them his most dangerous antagonists, and, therefore, will never lose an opportunity to instigate and inspire suspicion, criticism, and persecution of them.

On the walls of the office of our Director of Catholic Charities, downtown, there hangs a framed saying which reads: "To avoid criticism; say nothing, do nothing, be nothing". Anyone who strictly minds his so-called own business may personally be a good man, he may be popular, but most of the time this type of good man will accomplish nothing of a definite nature for the good of the community or God's causes. God will feel indifferent toward him and the devil will leave him alone, for he is doing nothing much for God, and very little against the devil.

Christ the immaculate, the most perfect being ever to walk this earth, Christ going about doing good, never having done harm to anyone, was criticized, despised, and hated, enough by some that they dragged Him to a mount outside the City of Jerusalem and nailed Him to a cross. Why did they do it? Because

He spoke and worked constantly against the kingdom of the devil, because He interfered with the wicked ways of the people of His day.

If the Jesuits have been misunderstood, criticized and persecuted, it is a definite sign that they have done God's work to a marked degree. It is stated in the life of St. Ignatius, their founder, that Our Lord promised him that the heritage of His passion would never fail his Order. Our Holy Father says in his recent congratulatory message to the Father General of the Jesuits, "If the enemies of the Divine Redeemer have persecuted your religious society with particular hostility, it is to your praise. Our Savior had predicted this persecution to His apostles."

So, today, dear Jesuit Fathers, we of New Orleans and the whole South who can appreciate the nobility of Christ's fearless knighthood glory in your talents and courage, we rejoice with you. Our Holy Father, Pius XII, voices in his letter the praise that wells in the minds of all true Catholics who can evaluate the magnificent work of your Society, and gives expression to the same sentiments of admiration that re-echo in the hearts of the faithful the world over.

The four hundred years of the Society of Jesus are one long record of outstanding labors in every department of the Church and in every part of the world, including our own continent and our own beloved Southland. The heroism and labors of the "Black Robes" are as much part of early American history as the Virginia colony, Lord Calvert and William Penn.

Cathay, Ceylon, India, Tibet, Japan, South America, Ethiopia, Canada and the West Indies first heard the Gospel of Christ more than three hundred years ago from pioneer Jesuit missionaries. In the field of science, the sons of St. Ignatius, excelling in learning, study and research, have made amazing contributions of first-rate importance. In philosophy and theology, brilliant names of members of the Society adorn its history and development. In the field of education,

their work has been phenomenal. But above all, as the Holy Father states, "We know that your Society since its origin has always dedicated itself with all its forces, to the defense of the integrity of the Catholic Faith against all sophisms and errors and to the vindication of the rights of the Church".

With the Holy Father and the clergy and the faithful of the world, we unite in extending our congratulations on this four hundredth anniversary to the Society which has meant so much to the Church of God and to the betterment of the world.

On account of the lengthy ceremonies this morning, I had purposely studied to make my words brief. However, last night whilst reading this week's *Catholic Action of the South*, my soul was seized with a temptation. I read a masterful article from the scintillating pen of that brilliant, peerless, nationally famous writer, our own Rev. Dr. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., of Xavier University. It is entitled, "Jesuit Achievement." I believe that all of you who did read it already will agree that it bears repetition:

"Jesuit:"

"The name connotes the starry side of modern history; the phase for which men do not have to blush; four hundred years of organized self-forgetfulness and faithfulness to the bravest and the best.

"When days, in our modern age, were darkest, St. Ignatius Loyola enkindled an inextinguishable flame. When souls were innumerably torn from the old Faith by heresy, like leaves from the forest by the wrath of winter, St. Francis Xavier produced a spiritual springtide in Asia. When the poor slave from Africa languished, forgotten by humanity and remembered by hell, St. Peter Claver poured oil and wine into the wounds of soul and body alike. When truth needed a re-statement and the Council of Trent convened, Jesuit theologians supplied brilliant minds and burning hearts. When America lay mysterious and unexplored, sons of Ignatius came to open up rivers and forests

and plains—Christ in heart and cross in hand. Where the night of ignorance and godlessness descended, the Ignatian lamp was held high, as significant as the torch of liberty in the land we love. To the miserable conditions of men, the Ignatian spirit ever stooped with grace. At ease with the lofty and in love with the lowly, it purely exemplifies the Biblical ideal of 'all things to all men'.

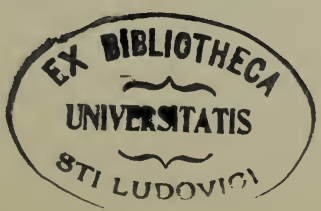
"Four centuries of Jesuit service have just been completed; and hard as they have been, they will probably not have been the hardest. Loyola promised his followers the cross. They have always had it and would feel incomplete without it. Like Christ, they have been crucified; like Him, they have risen, renewed and glorious. Combat has but proved the caliber of the famous 'sword whose hilt is in Rome and whose point is all over the world'.

"Men owe much to this superbly ready army of good and God. The Church owes more. And Catholicism in New Orleans, which has been privileged with the presence of the Jesuit Fathers from early days and whose sons and daughters have received their peerless training, is deeper in their debt than words can tell. Prayerfully and gratefully we should remember during these days of the fourth centennial celebration, the society that has known the splendor of Thabor and borne the sorrow of Calvary, and lived to the fullest the lesson of Bethlehem.

"Jesuit—messenger of Jesus!

"Jesus—message of the Jesuit!"

A. M. D. G.



CONTRIBUTION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION

WALTER F. DOWNEY

Address given by the Commissioner of Education for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the occasion of the Exercises of the Catholic Alumni Sodality, Boston, Mass., Commemorative of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Society of Jesus.

The beginning of an order of churchmen, the start of a system of education which has survived for 400 years, despite constant hostile attack and every other possible vicissitude, and which after these centuries is still one of vast influence throughout the world—such a history justifies the words of His Holiness Pope Paul III, on September 27, 1540, when he presented to the warrior Saint the charter of the Society. *"The finger of God is here,"* said His Holiness four centuries ago.

To attempt to explore the limits of their contributions to education is to examine the entire history of their recorded achievements. In no way can this be narrowly interpreted. As missionaries they have been teachers even in the far-flung borders of civilization. They were fore-runners of human progress in the wilderness—pathfinders and explorers. They sought no personal gain—they ventured forth in search of souls to save, messengers of God, teachers of those who had not heretofore heard His word. Fear they knew not. They faced death always; at times it came suddenly, often by slow torture. But others appeared facing these same hazards, soldiers in the army of Christ, teachers

always by word and by example. And they sought no glory for themselves but in accord with their motto: All for the greater glory of God.

Yes, they were well-trained soldiers. Before being permitted to be even privates in the army they were thoroughly trained intellectually and in sound theology, also in stern self-denial and in strict obedience. The laws of God they understood and taught, the command of the superior they followed implicitly and without question.

One of the early Jesuits to come to America was Eusebio Francisco Kino, born near the city of Trent in 1645. The story of his life so well illustrates the work of the Society that it bears re-telling. Because of his teaching talent in Mathematics, he was offered a professorship in a university. He entered the Order at the age of twenty. In 1678 when thirty-three years of age he and a score of companions sailed from Genoa for the West Indies.

These twenty young men were destined to scatter to the ends of the earth. Eight went to New Granada, ten to Mexico and the remainder to the Orient. Kino was directed to work in Mexico, Arizona and California. For the next 25 years, this man who might have been teaching mathematics in a European university was a missionary among the American Indians. His work among them was as unusual as his talent in the exact sciences. His knowledge of the Indians, their confidence in him, made his achievements possible. He taught them Spanish, he taught them religion, he directed them in the ways of civilization—a teacher of them, a worker with them. His first church was called "Our Lady of Sorrows." In the course of ten years he established a chain of missions in Arizona and California. After these missions were established they were turned over to other missionaries.

To assist him he organized a select corps of natives, to whom he entrusted the civil, educational and industrial life of the community. He writes of one mission,

"It had a fully furnished church; in the fields were cattle, orchards of grapes, peaches, quinces, figs, pears and apricots." Here was pioneer fruit raising in California. He also started a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, a water mill, taught the natives to grow various kinds of grain.

Father Kino organized the community as a civic organization with justices, civil officers, master of the chapel and of the school. The natives were trained as ox-drivers, bakers, gardeners and painters. He organized commerce between the various tribes. He made a map of his section of California. He proved it to be a peninsula and not an island as it previously had been considered. In all this expansion of effort for the Indians he did not own a single animal. He developed a large cattle industry without the aid of white men. There was only Indian labor.

To the Pima tribe he was the Great White Father. The warriors attended his councils, participated in church fiestas, came to be baptized. To them he was a beloved father and brother in Christ. He often was in peril but his undaunted courage carried him through all danger. He is described as modest, humble, ascetic, and drilled by religious training to forgetfulness of self, almost to self-effacement. A saintly man, a pioneer, a teacher, a missionary, a soldier of Christ always. He died at the age of seventy, in one of his missions. His bones lay where he had labored. Here was a man, a saint, a soldier, a teacher. He might well have spent his life as an honored professor in Europe. But he preferred hardship, and suffered to spread the word of God.

I have described him and his work in some detail, for it is so typical of the Society of Jesus. He made a great contribution to education as a pioneer in a strange land among savage tribes. He taught them the word of God, his saintly conduct inspired them. They followed him. Under his leadership they became Chris-

tians. In every way he is an illustration of the army organized by St. Ignatius four hundred years ago.

It is indeed difficult to determine a limited field which we may call education, for it is included in their every endeavor. By word and example they have taught. There is no field of intellectual endeavor that has not challenged their exploration, and in all they have made many varied and rich contributions, and always "for the greater glory of God."

When the Society of Jesus was founded by Ignatius of Loyola, the world of thought, the world of religion, yes, civilization was drifting from its moorings. The trend was away from scholasticism with all its stabilizing influence, the renaissance had come, with the new emphasis on humanism. And within humanistic circles came different cults, many even on a degraded level. "Ecclesiastic freedom" was the cry. How often do we hear today a similar note. It is now "academic freedom."

However, four centuries ago, into this welter of confusion and rebellion came St. Ignatius and his few companions. Even as early as 1523 he conceived of his life work but only in general outline. We find this idea embodied in his "Spiritual Exercises," particularly in the contemplation of the "Kingdom of Christ." For Christ, his King and General, he planned a spiritual crusade. Those who would join him were not ordinary soldiers. They were to constitute Christ's bodyguard, hence the name "La Compagnie de Jésus."

His first intention was to convert the Turks in Palestine. It was only after his endeavors to obtain a foothold near Our Lord's Sepulchre had been frustrated that Ignatius gave to his new Society the more general character of defending the "Kingdom of Christ" among all classes, and in all countries.

The Papal letters of the Constitutions assign as the special object of the Society "The progress of souls in a good life, knowledge of religion, the propagation of

faith by public preaching, the Spiritual Exercises and works of charity and particularly the instruction of youth and persons ignorant of the Christian religion."

In the year 1555, one year before the death of Ignatius, the Society comprised nine provinces—two in Italy, three in Spain, one in Portugal, one in Brazil, one in India and one in Japan. The first colleges were founded at Gandia in Spain, Messina in Sicily, and Goa in the East Indies.

The Society was serving in strict accord with its motto: "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam." The members aimed to accomplish the salvation of souls by conducting spiritual exercises, preaching missions to the faithful, evangelizing the heathen; by hearing confessions, by defending the faith against heretics and infidels through their writings, by teaching catechism to children and to the ignorant, by instructing youth in school and college. These were the aims, this was the plan of campaign organized by the first leaders of this company of Crusaders of Christ.

As this campaign progressed, as the size and influence of this army expanded, the number of colleges increased. By the year 1749 they were 669 in number in Europe, the Americas and India.

The Society has produced not only great mathematicians and astronomers but explorers, cosmographers, ethnologists and archaeologists.

There would have been little knowledge of the aborigenes of North America, their customs, their manner of life, their food, dress, their languages, were it not for the minute details contributed by missionaries of the Society.

In every country visited by them they enriched the fund of existing knowledge by charting the territories over which they journeyed, cataloging their fauna and flora, and reporting newly discovered facts of vital interest to science, to industry, and to medicine.

However, in spite of all these many and varied contributions to the field of knowledge, in the year 1773,

using the combined pressure of France, Spain, Portugal, Parma and Naples, the all-powerful Bourbons were instrumental in having the Order suppressed throughout the world. Abruptly the college courses of an amazing number of students were ended. In France alone this number was 43,000. Moreover, all property was taken over by the country in which the college was located.

It is not too difficult to understand the negative spirit of that day, when reason was replaced by organized hate and prejudice. Note a statement of one of their enemies of that day: Andrew Dudith of Breslau wrote, "I am not surprised if I hear that one goes to the Jesuits. They possess varied learning, teach, preach, write, dispute, instruct youth without taking money, and all this they do with indefatigable zeal; moreover they are distinguished for moral integrity and modest behavior." And another: "These Jesuits have diabolic practices; they anoint their pupils with secret salves of the devil, by which they so attract children to themselves that they can only with difficulty be separated from these wizards, and always long to go back to them. Therefore the Jesuits ought not only to be expelled, but to be burnt, otherwise they can never be gotten rid of."

In that era the contributions of the Order in the field of education, and of learning, were vast. A bibliography of the Order comprised nine folio volumes and contained the names of 13,000 Jesuit authors; more than 300 members of the Society wrote grammars on living and dead languages, and more than 95 languages were taught by them. In mathematics and the natural sciences they were among the leading scientists. Many astronomical observatories were erected by them, and directed with great success

One of their bitterest enemies of that day wrote, "Let me add, for we must be just, that no religious society whatever can boast of so many members distinguished in science and literature. They have suc-

cessfully cultivated eloquence, history, archaeology, geometry and literature. There is scarcely a class of writers in which they have no representatives of the first rank."

Members of the Society were eminent students in the study of Sanscrit. The first European Sanscrit scholar was Robert de Nobili, S.J. The first grammar of this language was written by a German member of the Order, Father Hansleden.

Various important works on the dialects of India were written by members of the Order. Their labors extended into the Chinese language. In a sound and comprehensive knowledge of Chinese, two members of the Society, Premare and Garibile, were unequalled by any European scholar. A German scholar states: "We possess no work on Chinese grammar which in comprehensive and judicious treatment of the subject can be compared to that of the Premare publication."

All of these works and many more are testimony of the thorough and sound system under which these men were studying and teaching. No mention need be made of the publications in theology or in scholastic philosophy for it is admitted that here their contributions have been unequalled.

It is clear that the Society of Jesus wielded a great influence through the very merit of their contribution. It is clear also that this influence led to their persecution and finally to the suppression of the Order—not that the Society had abused its influence but because the power exercised in the intellectual, educational and spiritual world had aroused the envy of its enemies.

At this interval in the history of the Society of Jesus we recall again those words of His Holiness Paul III delivered in 1540, "The Finger of God is Here." Such a body of crusaders divinely inspired, whose examples of heroic service and martyrdom are numberless, such a body could be halted but not crushed. Their rise astonished the world. This attempt at annihilation did

not shake their constancy. Defamation, imprisonment, banishment, starvation, death, thanklessness, could neither dismay nor destroy. The Christian world to which they had contributed so much, deprived of their services, was yet to learn the full significance of such a loss.

In the year 1814, His Holiness Pope Pius VII re-established the Society of Jesus. At that time he stated as follows: "We should deem ourselves guilty of a great crime toward God, if amidst the dangers of the Christian world, we neglected the aids which the special providence of God has put at our disposal and, if placed in the bark of Peter, tossed and assailed as it is by continual storms, we refuse to employ these vigorous and experienced rowers who volunteer their services, in order to break the waves of a sea which threatens every moment shipwreck and death." His Holiness further expressly says, "We declare besides, and grant power that they may freely and lawfully apply themselves to the education of youth in the principles of Catholic faith, to form them to good morals, and to direct colleges and seminaries."

Restored, the Society was confronted anew with great problems. Their schools and colleges in over 700 localities had been taken over by the State. Lost were buildings, libraries of great value to them and to the world, science equipment and the results of scientific research, observatories and the results of laborious study and investigation.

The Society, however, started building anew. This it continued to do despite persecution in some countries, and fanatical opposition in others.

Pope Pius VIII who succeeded Pope Leo XII in 1829 said to the representatives of the Society who waited upon him at the time of his accession, "I have been taught by the most distinguished Jesuits, and I know how much good they have done for the Church, so that as the Church cannot be separated from the Pope, he cannot be separated from the Society. These are sad

days and there was never witnessed greater audacity and hate. Impiety has never employed greater cunning against the truth. Return to your provinces, and arouse in your brethren the same ardor that is in your hearts. Preach and teach obedience and integrity of life in your schools, in your pulpits, by voice and pen, and with all your soul."

The *Constitutions* of Ignatius were first printed in the year 1559. In the Fourth Part of this great document he deals with the subject of education. In part, he declares, "since the aim of the Society is to bring souls to the end for which they were created, and since for this purpose not only the example of a good life but also knowledge and skill in imparting it are necessary, as soon as the novices have laid a foundation of self-denial and progressed in virtue, the next step will be to instruct them in learning and in its use for helping their neighbor the better to know and serve God. For this purpose the Society establishes colleges and sometime universities." Then followed several chapters relating to the Society's code of education. Here he drafted its first principles and set forth a clear definition of his educational policy. Here we find the real source of the *Ratio Studiorum* developed through the years and founded securely on the principles set forth by Ignatius.

While preliminary drafts were in use in earlier years, the first authorized publication appeared in the year 1599 at Naples, under the title "Ratio atque Institutio Studiorum Societatis Jesus." As was said at that time, it was "the fruit of many prayers, of long and patient efforts, and the result of the combined wisdom of the whole Order." This was the first statement showing the unified and uniform method and system of teaching of the Jesuit Order. It sets up a systematic procedure, curriculum, content, and the teaching system and educational organization from the secondary grades to the university.

It is a systematic training in philosophy, in ethics,

in logic, with sound scholarship and broad culture. The educational system of the Society of Jesus is the very heart of the apostolate of the Catholic Church. Opposed to it are those influences hostile to religion and hostile to the Church, while ranged in supporting columns are all those who with undaunted courage and deepest loyalty labor for that Church doing all in accord with that motto still uttered with deepest fervor "Omnia ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1927, Bernard Iddings Bell wrote as follows: "This ignoring of religion is fatal to the real purpose of education. Facts and behavior are dead stuff until man begins to interpret them; and that interpretation is bound to become a religious activity. It is religion in colleges that the increasingly rebellious undergraduates miss, even though that is not a phrase that they themselves are wont to use. What is necessary now is an interpretation of science, a restatement of philosophy which shall synthesize observable facts and processes both with man's inner spirit and with essential reality."

The Jesuit teacher has a deep personal concern for each individual student. Here is a student seeking liberalized enlightenment combined with spiritual guidance. And here is a teacher who manifests by his spiritual perfection an example worthy of imitation and by his scholarship, an intellectual leader who inspires.

Hence we have demonstrated a reconciliation of intellectual authority, moral and spiritual leadership, in an atmosphere of sound moral discipline, with example as strong as precept, for it is that of a soldier of Christ.

The *Ratio Studiorum* is not an ironclad, unchanging system, as hostile critics have asserted. That the great fundamental elements do not change is true. That methods of teaching with a background of centuries of experience remain, is also true. That the curriculum content is in harmony with progress, and does not fail to include study of newly established facts, and addi-

tions to the field of knowledge as they appear, is also true.

Rev. Robert Gannon, S. J., President of Fordham University, stated this vividly in a recent address which I heard him deliver last May in Washington before the American Council on Education.

"The curriculum," he said, "is definitely changed, but the methods are still surprisingly effective, and we pride ourselves on clinging to the principles of 1540. For example, we have always held out against the elective system, even in the days of its greatest popularity. We have always regarded Charles Eliot of Harvard as a great man, so great, in fact, that he was able single-handed to knock American education unconscious for a full generation. With all our faults, we have never succumbed to exaggerated departmentalization, which creates institutions where only the professor of spelling can spell, and *he* is not expected to know the meaning of the words—or the evils of the good old credit system, which has reduced so many colleges to the level of filling stations where the gas is sold by the pint."

Today, we see armies marching on their errands of destruction, led by chiefs who not only ignore God, but so far as they dare, seek to develop in nations a hatred of Christ and of religion. They are destroying bit by bit not only imposing monuments of the past, but also, by every human method man's faith in the present, in the past, in the future.

When we reflect on these things, we gain real comfort in the thought that there is another army of Christian soldiers who have been marching for four centuries. Their General, and each of his followers, not only loves God, but dedicates his life to His greater honor and glory. They have always sought through the medium of prayer, of the church, and of the school to develop in all peoples wherever found, a deep and abiding love of God and of His Church. They build

slowly but surely, bit by bit. We rejoice in their past. They renew our faith in the present.

And when these other armies have completely destroyed themselves and others, and are forgotten, the Society of Jesus, with its valiant body of heroes, of teachers and of martyrs, will still be marching on. And as they march we can almost hear them chant

"OMNIA AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM"

A. M. D. G.

FLIGHT FROM LOUVAIN

JOSEPH E. O'NEILL, S.J.

When England and France declared war on Germany in the early days of September, 1939, I was in Ireland. It came as a blow, not a sudden one, but the kind that brings the sickening realization that at last one is face to face with a dreaded reality. It is true that for the past three years the threat of war had been ever present, but dimly, and in the background like some faint shadow seen far off, or like the menacing but distant beat of a savage drum. The first unwelcome thrill had come on a certain night in March. Over the radio came the fateful words that German troops were massed on the Austrian frontier. Till that moment all the hate and hysteria, the screaming denunciations, had been confined to the war of words, and one hoped somehow, and even felt that it would never descend to action, that it was all bluff, sound and fury. But the insecure props of a post-war world had begun to topple. The dream of reasonable discussion, of the settling of fundamental differences around a table, was still unbroken. But it was the beginning of the end. The first warning had been given.

The whole world is familiar with the swift-moving chain of events that followed the forcible anschluss with Austria. The Nazi machine had begun to move and its gathering momentum carried it forward, ever faster and faster. Austria, the Sudeten lands, Czecho-Slovakia, Memel, Danzig, Poland—all were overrun. The affair of Munich had brought only an illusory hope. I never believed it was more than a hope. There were too

many guns, too many tanks, too many planes. Worst, and most dangerous of all, there was a new spirit of intolerable pride and bitter hate. The daily inoculation of an entire people with the poisonous doctrine that it was a race of super men, plus the constant denunciation of the injustice of the Treaty of Versailles, had done its work. War was inevitable, and so when it did come, there was no surprise—only the dreadful feeling that it would not be like 1914. "Total War," "Blitzkrieg," certain new and, as yet, vague words, were added to the vocabulary of men. They were soon to learn the meaning.

The swift and merciless blotting out of Poland was the first lesson. Unfortunately for the Allies, and particularly for France, it was never learned. Poland went down. England and France swore to carry on to the end. The second and deceptive phase of the war began. Press, radio, cinema, every form of propaganda carried on the war of nerves. There was relatively little actual fighting: on land, artillery duels and patrol work; on the seas, the tightening of the blockade and the submarine and mine warefare; and the air arms, still the unknown quantity, still the greatest fear. Would they come one day by the hundreds? Would it be mass slaughter, a rain of death? Frightening questions, and as yet no man knew the answers, and all men feared to know.

Meanwhile, in southern Ireland neutrality had been proclaimed, yet the black-out was decreed. Eire, desiring the end of partition, was deliberately choosing not to close her eyes to facts. "England," reasoned the Irish, "is a better neighbor than Nazi Germany. England has given hundreds of our young men and women jobs and a chance to earn the living they would not have in Ireland." Ireland was grateful, and many of those young men and women joined England's forces.

Towards the end of September, I left Ireland for London, where I spent an enforced stay of three weeks. The difficulties of travel had begun—official red tape

and the almost endless complications and delays involved in leaving a belligerent country for a neutral one. During those three weeks I saw London preparing for the coming ordeal. Everywhere were sand bags piled high, special police, anti-aircraft shelters, balloon barrages, gas masks carried night and day, a city without children, and, at night, a city of the dead—for the blackout was stringent, and marvellously obeyed. Not a single gleam of light from a single window. A few dim lights on busses. For the rest, total darkness. England awaited the attacking planes. But they did not come.

When free to leave, I crossed the English Channel, our tiny Belgian boat making a quick dash to the French mainland, then hugging the coast to Ostend. Floating mines were the main worry of our slightly uneasy trip. Life belts added a grim touch. But nothing occurred, and I was soon back at Louvain, three weeks late for class, but beginning my fourth and last year in Belgium with the thought that America was waiting at the end.

Then began the long period of the war of nerves, the growing tension, the German accusations, the frequent violation of Belgian neutrality. Now and then the anti-aircraft guns near Louvain would open fire as Nazi planes flew high overhead. Airplanes became a familiar sight. From my window at night I watched the searchlights piercing the Belgian skies, watchful, tireless. But how really to describe that period of waiting from October to May? There was one main topic of conversation and it was always the same—war. Would the cautious "queer sort of war" come to a sudden end? Would the break come in the spring? Would it be to the east or to the west? Most Belgians, I think, felt that their country could not escape, would once more be a battleground for the armies of Europe. That it might never come was the earnest prayer of us all. That

it would come was the open fear, present day and night, often on men's tongues and ever in their hearts.

But with the fear and the sorrow that it must all happen again went a resolute determination to arm to the teeth, to spare no cost and no labor. The Albert Canal was reported invulnerable. Liége and Namur were grim and mighty fortresses. There were forty thousand concrete "pillboxes" in Belgium. Near our Philosophate at Eegenhoven there were five or six—solid, compact, deadly. In plain sight were barbed wire, road mines, camouflage, transports, trucks, motorcyclists, guns, and, everywhere and always, soldiers. Yes, Belgium was determined to preserve her neutrality, to arm to the limit, to fight if attacked. "Les Boches" would receive a warm welcome this time. It would not be a walkover as in 1914. And so the nation armed, watched and waited. There were two crises during those months. Attack seemed imminent. More classes of men were called up. But each time it was only an alarm—the war of nerves once more.

At least half our community had been mobilized, the Fourth year Fathers as chaplains, the others as stretcher bearers. Classes went on and talk went on. Each night we heard the news—and argued. The Belgian defenses were examined, checked and rechecked daily in the recreation room. One had seen this line and another that. It was certain that in case of attack the English and French would be in Belgium within eight hours. Even if "they" broke through the Canal, there was always the second line of defense, and the third. Louvain would hold certainly for two weeks. The Jesuits had received orders from Father Provincial to be the last to leave Louvain if it were necessary to evacuate. But "they" would never reach Louvain! Planes would come, of course, for Louvain is an important railway center, but not the army, at least, not at once. Some were optimistic, some quite the contrary.

German efficiency and military thoroughness were too well known in Belgium not to awaken uneasy feelings for the near future. Moreover it was known the country held many spies. Two Capuchins, suspiciously close to military objects near Louvain, arrested, turned out to be not monks, but Nazis. Other things happened. One began to speak of a defense against parachutists.

The days wore on. The Graf Spee went down to defeat, Russia overran Finland, Denmark and Norway were suddenly atttacked. Belgium still waited and watched, mobilized almost to the full, determined to stay prepared if it meant a year, two years, four years of the war of nerves. But it was not to be. Out of a clear sky, without note or ultimatum, on the tenth of May at four-thirty in the morning, the storm broke. It was Der Tag!

I was awakened by the sound of heavy anti-aircraft fire. I looked out of my window and there were the German planes flying low and fast in the direction of Holland. I said Mass with a heavy heart. It had begun. All during Mass one heard the dull booming of the defense guns. Almost immediately everyone knew that Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg had been attacked simultaneously, without an ultimatum, without warning, without even a note. Belgium invaded again, twice in twenty-five years, through no fault of her own!

The day had begun early. Rumors spread wildly: Brussels had been bombed, civilians machine-gunned in the streets. "They" were already deep into Holland. About nine in the morning over the radio came a message to all Belgium. The people were to keep calm. Belgium was once again unjustly attacked. It would resist to the utmost. Her king was in his rightful place, at the head of her army. When the siren signals an air raid everyone must take cover. The cellars are the best place. First aid material should be brought. Above all, no panic. Courage, confidence, calmness! Remember

you are Belgian! That was the gist of the message. The king did not speak. To do so would have been to reveal his presence to the enemy.

Louvain University cancelled all classes. Our house did not. Regular order would be followed as usual. Unfortunately, regular order was interrupted considerably. For the air raids came and went on for the two days I was at Louvain. The first plane flew directly over our house. I saw it flying low, mockingly. The first bomb that fell killed several civilians. There was perhaps fifteen minutes' break between the all-clear signal of one attack and the beginning of the next during the greater part of the two days that followed the invasion. Our community had orders to go to the cellars each time the siren screamed. That meant from room to cellar, cellar to room, up and down all day long and part of the night. Without let-up they kept bombing, not the town, but a military objective, and always the same one, "Le Pont de Tirlemont", a certain bridge over the railway tracks. If they could destroy it, trains would be prevented from carrying soldiers to Liege and the German frontier. But it was never hit. (I heard later that the English destroyed it before they retreated.)

With each bomb that fell, however, civilians were killed and houses damaged. The first wounded were brought to the hospitals, cleared at once of all ordinary patients. All Germans were interned at once, a Jesuit from our house among them. Soldiers began to appear among the wounded. The discouraging thing was that they were from the Albert Canal. The Germans were breaking through! No news at first came over the radio after that initial broadcast. Where were "they"? Had they broken through? What was happening? The wildest rumors began to circulate. Newspapers, reduced to a single sheet, told nothing. And still those Nazi planes flew low and slowly overhead. At times one could see the men in them. Not an Allied plane in sight! Where were the Belgian planes? Rumor said they had been destroyed on the ground, or were fight-

ing in Holland. The day finally drew to a close, with a good-night air raid about ten o'clock. When it was over, we went to our rooms in darkness.

As soon as it grew light, the planes came again. I was awakened once more by the booming of guns. During Mass I heard a new note, the staccato tack-tack-tack of anti-aircraft machine guns. After Mass and breakfast, I walked about the town, at intervals taking refuge in the nearest cellar when the planes appeared. There was a change this second day. The English were arriving with fine material. The machine guns I had heard were part of that material, a welcome and, soon, a familiar sight. No doubt about it, the English, their material of war, and the well known British phlegm greatly cheered the Belgians. The sirens would wail, enemy planes appear, the Tommys would stop in the street, anywhere, set up their gun and bark away at the deadly birds. Unfortunately, I didn't see any planes brought down over Louvain. The only effective defense against airplanes are other airplanes.

The first English soldier to be wounded was shot by a Belgian soldier. The English contingent had arrived near Eegenhoven, our philosophate, a mile or so from Louvain. They were mistaken for parachutists, and the Belgians opened fire. The one English soldier hit later lost his arm. Nerves—already the fear of parachutists had begun to do its deadly work—disorganization, uncertainty, panic. Not only were the soldiers affected but the civilians too—especially the civilians. It was to be one of Hitler's new weapons, and a very effective one at that. And still the airplanes came. The Belgian anti-aircraft did little, the English not much more. I watched shells bursting in front, behind and in between German planes without a single hit being scored. Of anti-air-raid defense, passive defense, there was little. One's own house was one's defense, the cellar being the safest place. A direct hit, of course would end things, but the cellar gave some protection. And any building is a protection against flying bits of shrapnel. Almost as

dangerous as enemy bombs were the shells of the anti-aircraft defense bursting over a city. At Brussels one of our students, foolishly leaning out of a window to watch an air raid, was decapitated by a Belgian shell exploding. There were rumors that gas was being used, but I doubted it. It was terrible to think of and it would be a tragedy if it should come. I never saw more than a handful of gas-masks in all of Belgium. But, as it turned out, gas was never necessary. The Germans had no need of it. They were successful everywhere without it. Already the stream of refugees had begun. They were passing through Louvain endlessly, a pitiful sight

Saturday, towards evening, the Americans at Louvain were advised by Fr. Rector to leave. We were six in number. Most of us had hoped to remain with the Belgians, but, we were told, there was no need for us to stay. Contradictory rumors kept coming in, but toward 6 o'clock it became certain that the Albert Canal had been pierced, and the first motorized division was meeting resistance not more than twenty miles from Louvain. Yet we had counted on at least two weeks before that should happen. But this was "Ein Blitzkrieg," so the word of advice was changed to an order, and not only for the Americans but for everyone at Rue des Recollects, 11. Supper at 7:15, then walk to Brussels. The ill and the aged could ride in the one truck of the house. Choose whatever you can carry, and go! About a quarter of eight, after a hasty packing of bags, tearing up of notes, and our goodbyes, Fr. Conway and I set out for Brussels, twenty miles away. I left one large valise in the house in the hope that it would be sent to Brussels by truck and that I could pick it up there later. I had crammed all immediate necessities in a smaller bag. This I took with me. Well the time had come, but not as I had expected. Four years at Louvain—and this was to be my farewell. I might arrive in America. I might not. "In Thy Hands, O Lord!"

Just as we were leaving the main part of the town, another raid took place. This time four bombs were dropped one after another, not too far from where we were. They were bombs fitted with a whistle in the cap. As they plunged to earth, you heard them screaming. It was not a pleasant sound. You imagined it directly overhead, diving on you. I didn't know it at the time, but they were the famous "whistling bombs," a hellish little trick meant to demoralize waiting victims. We had dived into the nearest open door when the siren gave the alarm. The occupants of the house were a family of Luxembourgeois. They were refugees of course, who thought they were safe in Louvain, so far from Luxembourg. We hated to tell them but we had to. The whole town was leaving. It would be foolish to stay. No one was safe in Louvain. It would most certainly be attacked in force. We said our thanks and our goodbyes. I hope they left soon after. I don't know. It was pitiful seeing them thinking they were safe, and we knowing they were not

Walking along the familiar road we passed many English soldiers, quartered in buildings we knew well. We talked for a while with them, discovering that they were mostly Irish from Liverpool. They knew no more than we of what was happening, except that the Germans were approaching at great speed and that Louvain would be fought over. Then—goodbye, and good luck!—and on again. We had the idea of thumbing a car for a lift to Brussels. They were passing endlessly, but not stopping. On the way two Belgian Jesuits of the Louvain community overtook us, and we decided to carry on together. We did—all night long. And all night long there was an endless procession of refugees, on foot, on bicycles, in carts, silent, sick at heart, with what future before them no one knew or guessed. All night long too there was a constant stream of soldiers, Belgian and English, and army trucks, going in the

direction of Brussels. They were taking up new positions. It was not a retreat—but a bad sign.

I recall one frightened mother. We met her on the road. She pointed out her house, a lovely home, but there was a radio tower on top. Her children were asleep. She feared an air raid. They would certainly attack a radio tower—and the soldiers—why were they going to Brussels? It was a retreat surely! We told her it wasn't a retreat. They were taking up new positions; that's all. No, there would be no air raid that night. We were sure of it. The Germans had need of all their planes for the main attack. She had nothing to fear—not to-night. She was pitifully grateful. What did we know about it anyway? Nothing whatever. But what else could we say? At any rate, we were right, for there was no attack that night. There was a fine moon, and it would have been perfect for an air attack, but it didn't come. Once we saw five or six searchlights criss-crossing the skies. German planes? There they were, caught in the shafts of light. But no guns fired on them, why, I don't know. They disappeared into the darkness.

We stopped once at a cafe, for some coffee. The young woman who waited on us told us she had walked something like fifty miles to see her husband, a soldier. She got within twenty yards of him but was allowed no nearer. She could see him. They would not let them meet or talk. She returned.

On we plodded. I had one break. A young Scottish soldier on a motorcycle gave me a lift for about five minutes. Roman collar and all, I climbed on the back of the machine and whizzed off and up the road to a Belgian outpost. I got off there and awaited the others. We talked awhile. Then he left. As I carried on a conversation with two Belgian soldiers at the post, colored lights shone out suddenly in a nearby field. One soldier entered his post. The other went behind a tree, lowered his rifle and made ready to fire at who-

ever came out of that field. I waited. Parachutists? Two minutes, three minutes, five minutes—nothing materialized out of the darkness. I lit a cigarette and breathed more freely.

The others soon caught up, and on we went. We talked to people now and then, though on the whole there was not much desire for talk. Everything was movement and silence,—the refugees in flight, the soldiers to their new positions, neither paying the slightest attention to the other. One soldier passed us on foot, walking very fast. He was in slippers, not shoes. He said he was from Maastricht—a long way from the Louvain-Brussels road. Maastricht is near the German border. We knew there was heavy fighting going on there. He would not say why he was here, so far from the front. The only thing that he said was that the slaughter was terrific. The Germans were breaking through everywhere. He was probably a deserter, one man too panic-stricken to stand it any longer. Why blame him? Those things happen, especially in the baptism of fire. A little later that evening on the outskirts of Brussels we talked to some more soldiers. Their regiments, the 11th and 18th, had been annihilated, four men left to one, none to the other. The German planes had come over fifty at a time. What could one do without planes to meet them?

Nearing Brussels, we saw a tremendous fire at a distance, reddening the night sky. It must have been two or three miles away. A successful hit. But what it was I never found out. Perhaps the planes we saw earlier that night had done it. It was a striking sight, but we had no time to stay and watch. I had my small valise with me. The others, with their heavier bags had made a bargain with a Belgian peasant. In a wooden cart were his wife and child, what few household goods he had hastily gathered together, and, for a small sum, the bags of the others. His horse had been plodding all day and all night, and the day before. It was nearly finished. The man himself walked to save

the beast. The woman with the baby in her arms never said a word. Along the road on porch, or doorsteps, in half finished buildings sat or lay those who could go no farther and who could find no lodging. It was better not to look at them.

Near Brussels we parted, the Belgian family to find a place to sleep, we to a Jesuit house, Collége de Saint Michel. It was three-thirty A. M. when we arrived. The house was filled to overflowing, Jesuits and lay people, refugees, and the others of our community from Louvain who had come by a shorter route. I said Mass at a quarter of four, then tried to get some sleep. I had two wooden chairs for a bed. They were all right to me; one can sleep on anything if one has to. The others slept on a long table. It made no difference; we were finished for awhile. Just as I was falling asleep, about a quarter of five, as it was growing light, an air attack came. I heard the windows rattle as the bombs fell somewhere but was too tired to do anything about it. As far as I was concerned, the war was over for an hour. And it was only an hour. We were awake at six, and had breakfast. I tried to phone the American Consulate. But it was Sunday—nobody there. And they talk about British sang froid!

After breakfast, we and everyone else were advised to leave Brussels. Things were getting very bad. The Germans were crashing through. From the moment of the first attack to the end of Belgium and France, it was always like that. There was never one piece of cheering news. It was cruel to soldier and civilian and the friends of both. Not one victory, nothing but defeat everywhere. Of course, there was brave talking: the momentum of the attack will spend itself; they'll never pass the Maginot Line; the French army is the best in the world; the English material is marvelous, the R. A. F. will blow them to bits; it's a desperate blow, they're staking everything on one gigantic push, we have only to hold a month, then the resources of the British and French Empires will begin to be felt;

America will have sent over planes and tanks, she'll never let us go down; and so on and so forth. At first the Belgians said these things because they believed them, but later on as the Nazi attack grew not weaker but stronger, advanced not more slowly but more swiftly, doubts began to arise in the minds of all. And soon, though they were saying the same things over and over again, it was only for the sake of keeping up courage. It was really whistling in the dark.

An hour or so after breakfast we set out again by tram and train for Enghien. In that little town, not too far from the French border, there is a French Theologate. The French scholastics, of course, had all been mobilized, so that the house was empty and waiting for us, Belgians and foreigners. It was a beautiful day, glorious sunlight, perfect spring weather. It continued that way for the rest of my time in Europe. Death in the sunlight. Lovely countryside bathed in gold. Only men awake, destroying each other. And that is ironic, but true.

In Brussels the English were everywhere—trucks, guns, soldiers, a cheering sight. It was good to speak to them and to hear one's own language. They were calm and quietly confident, but they too had no knowledge of what was coming. They were to lose all their material at Dunkerque some weeks later. I remember one Belgian soldier boarding a street car in Brussels. He was just back from the front. The crowd was watching him curiously, but he seemed not to see or hear or feel. He was dazed. His eyes were not pleasant to look at—like an animal in pain. It was no doubt again "the baptism of fire." God help him! In Brussels too I saw the house damaged by the Belgian shell fire from an anti-aircraft gun. That was where the student of Saint Michel had been decapitated.

There was a long wait in Brussels for our tram—due to air raids somewhere near. No bombs fell. One just waited. Finally we got on, by tram and train, to Enghien, where the Jesuits are well known. So, here I was

to wait, perhaps study a bit, perhaps take my exams. Surely the Germans would be held. All the time I was there—several days—the English kept coming through in trucks and camions, without let-up, an ordered distance between cars, a definite, regulated speed—to prevent unnecessary destruction in case of air attack. There were many alarms but no bombs fell near us. I talked again to the English. I still liked their quiet confidence. There were uncertain days with little news on the radio, except that things were getting worse.

Fear of parachutists began to predominate. The crowds in the large cities were close to panic, and ugly. One's passport and carte d'identité were worth one's life. Parachutists were descending, some putting on religious attire, men in soutanes or Roman collar and black suit, women in nuns' garb. So the rumor ran. Their job was to frighten, disorganize, sabotage. They did not descend blindly, without plan. The Fifth Column had attended to all that. There are advertisements in all of Belgium, "Pacha," a brand of chicory. On the backs of these signs and in boxes of the goods were written detailed instructions, exactly where you are (the first day of war, signposts were taken down all over Belgium to avoid giving away information to the parachutists), where you are to go, what you will find there, what you are to do. This clever trick of the Germans was discovered only by accident. Some parachutists had been captured as they were tearing open the "Pacha" chicory boxes. Puzzled, the police had investigated and found the secret. It was announced over the radio. The firm was absolved of all blame. It was the Fifth Column. In America it would be as if Socony or Shell signs were used. A few hundred new signs put up over night would never be noticed. And that is part of German thoroughness and efficiency.

In the last war there had been German spies working on Belgian farms ten years before the war began. German soldiers had possessed better maps of Belgium than the Belgians. In this way German families would

rent a villa in Ostend or Antwerp. They would build tennis courts. On the top would be dirt, on the bottom concrete. The exact measurements would be ready for German guns, mathematically perfect. The range and object would be long since known. All that was necessary was to push a button.

Hundreds of German tourists were in Belgium. The Gestapo was there too. In a battle along the Meuse a parachutist attired as a French officer, speaking perfect French, put himself at the head of a regiment. As the Germans came across, he calmly gave the order to retire, every man for himself. An order is an order. In other places along the Meuse German spies walked into telephone booths, pretended they were Belgian or French officers speaking from headquarters, kept repeating the order not to destroy the dynamited bridges. The soldiers obeyed, the bridges were not blown up, the Germans crossed. And so it went on all over Belgium and France—incredible but true. There were other parachutists too, young German men who descended, automatic guns in hand, firing as they came down. Suicide—and fanaticism, perhaps something more. Belgian doctors examining the corpses, found they were drugged, heavily. A favorite trick was to drop down dummies, straw men, perhaps twenty-five. Of these five would be human beings, German soldiers. The puzzled Belgians would open fire, find men of straw. The five soldiers, if lucky, would escape—or shoot down the Belgians. Belgian soldiers told me that German parachutists fallen in the waters of Holland, rescued by Dutch soldiers, had shot down their rescuers

The day after we arrived in Enghien, Fr. Conway had an opportunity to return to Brussels in a house car or truck. He did so, picking up my heavy bag and his that had been brought from Louvain to Brussels. While in Brussels Fr. Conway had the unpleasant experience of being taken for a parachutist by Belgian civilians. One, slightly drunk, shouted at the top of

his lungs, in the Gare du Nord (North Railroad Station): "Espion! Espion!" (Spy! Spy!) The crowd gathered round. By demanding to see a Gendarme (member of the governmental police, the elite of Belgium), he easily explained himself. But the crowd was in an ugly mood. As I wrote above, they were getting panicky. If they failed soon to lay their hands on a parachutist, they would most certainly kill some innocent person. This fear of parachutists was so great all over Belgium and France, that it played an important part in the whole attack. I heard later that one Belgian Jesuit was killed, shot in the street by a Belgian soldier who thought he was a parachutist. And I heard several stories from others who had received a third-degree grilling, narrowly escaping a death sentence on the spot—by their own Belgian soldiers. Some Dutch Jesuits who were with us at Louvain were unheard of after the flight started. Two Czechs also were missing, and several Belgians. What was their story? I suppose I shall never know. Everyone, and especially clergymen, was a suspect. Every day, and many, many times a day I looked to see if my passport and card of identity were safe. When your life depends on a piece of paper, you grow fond of both life and paper—which is not terribly philosophical, but very true.

After a few days at Enghien, during which we had several air-raid alarms but no bombs near us, and, during which, for the first time I saw French and English planes flying over Belgian soil, Fr. Gessler, the Rector of our house at Louvain, advised the Americans once again to leave. As he put it, we could do no good where we were, and had no reason for staying. Our exams could be perhaps passed in a French Theologate, if we cared to do so. The Belgians at Enghien were to start class the next morning. It would give them something to do and perhaps something else to talk about. Then there was the question of rationing. Two extra mouths would be two extra mouths.

So, Fr. Conway and I once more said our goodbyes,

picked up our bags, and left by train for Tournai, still closer to the French border. The train, of course, was jammed with refugees. The stories they had to tell would not make pleasant reading. Without adventure, except for an air-raid alarm just before pulling into the station. Just as we arrived, a new edict was being announced, gendarmes, on bicycles, ringing hand-bells to call attention to the fact. All men from 16 to 45 were to make their way to France at once, by any means possible, to form a new army of a million men. No young men were to remain in Belgium. If caught by the rapidly advancing Germans, they would most certainly be sent to Germany (as they were in 1914) to do manual labor. On leaving the station, there was another air-raid alarm. Two speedy English planes rushed up to meet the enemy. We kept on going. On arriving at the Jesuit house, we found the same story all over again—packed house, Jesuits and lay people, bad news and contradictory rumors. More air-raid alarms, more planes rushing to attack, more uncertainty as to what was really happening.

On awakening the next morning, I said Mass in town, had to show my papers to a gendarme (possible parachutist), and then learned: (1) The Jesuits to whom we had said goodbye yesterday at Enghien had been ordered to leave several hours after we had gone. The town had received a few bombs. Aimed at the station, one bomb had gone right through a convent near the station. Miraculously no one was hurt. The Jesuits had arrived at Tournai during the night. They too were to make their way to France to be part of the new army. (2) The French Consulate in Tournai had closed. Therefore, no visas could be obtained for France. (3) The Germans were still victorious everywhere. (4) We had to leave again and get into France by foot, bicycle, car or train. I had now one small bag and one big heavy one. To walk was impossible,—so was the bicycle idea. An automobile could possibly be hired if one was lucky, but the charge would be exor-

bitant. The only thing left was the train—if they were running. We decided on Lille, the first big city across the border, as our destination. It should take about an hour by train. Once across the French border, we could take things easily awhile as the Germans would never get into France. If necessary, Lille would make a good point of departure for Paris, southern France, or Italy.

Goodbyes once again. A fight in the air as we left, one plane crashing in flames. I heard later it was British. We tried to get something to eat in a cafe near the station. No bread was available—only coffee. There were three in the party, Fr. Conway and myself, who had been together since Louvain, and Mr. McNeil, of the New England Province, in his first year of theology at Louvain. We bought tickets for Lille. A long refugee train was waiting. We secured seats. I entered a different compartment from the others. It had become empty quite suddenly. A family of Belgian farm people had been settled in it. They had walked forty kilometers to reach this train. They were not young. The father, a man of about sixty, while seated there in the compartment suddenly dropped dead—heart failure. He was carried out. I saw he was dead. They couldn't believe it. The women were crying. They had abandoned their home and possessions, packed a few necessary belongings, walked about thirty miles, entered the train, breathed a sigh of relief at the thought that they were safe at last, on the way to France—and it ended like that. They had to leave, of course. That was the first death on this refugee train. There were others to follow.

I had secured a seat in the vacated compartment, and I gave it up immediately. In no time at all the entire train was packed—women, children, babies, the old and the ill and the well, nuns, brothers, priests, everyone but soldiers, crowding the compartments, crowding the corridors, crowding every available space. Before we left an officer went through the train asking if there

were any Poles present. If there were, they were herded into box cars. It was hard on them, but necessary. Many were Jews. Among them would most certainly be found the Fifth Column. It is a fact that Jews were among the Fifth Columnists in the attacked countries—and that despite the treatment they had received in Germany. No tickets were collected, and we started off.

As I wrote above, it should have taken an hour to reach Lille. We reached Lille, but did not stop. There it began to dawn on me what a refugee train was like. We had no idea where we were going. Some said Paris, some Calais, some Toulouse. One guess was as good as another. There was no such thing as regular food and drink. The prudent had brought sandwiches. The first day hard bread and milk were given out occasionally by the Red Cross and Nuns, as we stopped at the larger stations. But there were 2,000 people on the train. So they weren't fed. I say "the first day." How many days those 2000 people were on that train I do not know. I got off after two. But I am anticipating. The arrival at Lille was a touching sight. Northern France is friendly to Belgium. On the outskirts of Lille we stopped for awhile. The good people there, poor and old as they were (there were no young people in sight), came hurrying to us, offering whatever they had—an orange, a bottle of wine. I saw one old man give someone a box of matches. It was all he had. There is great poverty in northern France, and great charity. People were crying at the sight. The French shouted "Vive la Belgique!" and the Belgians, "Vive la France!" Then on again.

We moved slowly always, stopping every few minutes, waiting interminably. It was mainly due to fear of sabotage. The first few hours of this sort of progress it was bearable, but later it began to get on the nerves, excessively so. We seemed to be going a roundabout way, never on the main lines—they were for the troops. I never saw a train official. I think the only one

was the engineer, and his fireman. No French visas were ever demanded.

The hours wore on. About four o'clock in the afternoon of this day glorious with sunshine, we had stopped again, not far from Calais, in open, flat country. A few people got out. The rest of us stayed. One never knew when the train would suddenly start up again. Perhaps it would not be a long wait this time. I was standing up, talking to the people in my compartment. I looked out for a moment to see our train (we were somewhere in the middle) stretched out far behind. Around a curve in plain sight I saw another train coming in our direction. People began to move off the tracks. I stopped looking and began to talk once more. "There's another train coming," I said. The next moment there was a terrific shock. Our train leaped forward, several feet. I was thrown against something. People cried out, "Air attack! Bombs!" I recovered and looked out. People were running to the rear. I jumped out and followed.

The other train had been on the same track. One of our cars, a frail wooden affair, was telescoped. A woman on the track was screaming, "My child is in there. Let me in. Let me in!" People held her back. I saw her child. He was jammed in, dead. A nun inside was wedged tight in the wreckage, facing us. She too was dead. Like a mummy, looking out, stiff—with sightless eyes. Two other nuns were hanging head down half in, half out. They were alive, groaning. Sometimes there was screaming. Then it would stop. A Christian Brother was visible, alive but imprisoned. He kept waving one hand and nodding his head. It looked fantastic. I don't know why he did it. Every time I looked he kept nodding, as if he were saying yes, approving. There were others, dead or dying. We tried to release the two nuns hanging head downwards. They were imprisoned about the legs. I don't know when, but Boy Scouts had appeared. One scrambled to the roof of the car with an axe in his hand. He began

to chop. Someone screamed inside. People yelled at him to stop. A priest suddenly appeared with the holy oils. He gave them to Fr. Conway, who anointed some of the dying. We gave absolutions. We still struggled with the wreckage, but could not release those nuns. Pull and push and strain—and nothing accomplished. There were too many around. We couldn't get them free. And all the while that dead nun pressed in, behind the window, facing us. Blood, clothes, bags, wreckage, the dead and dying.

The crowd was forced back to the train. The wrecked car was uncoupled. Some time later our train started off again. I ran, alongside, back to my compartment. The Belgians inside were still sitting there, still calm. I told them what had happened. They took it well. "It was not our turn. We were in the middle. We were lucky!" Later I learned that 25 people had been killed, mostly nuns and Christian Brothers, others wounded. There were no doctors on the train. The ambulance car came from Calais for the dead and dying. I read about it a day or so later in the French papers. We started off again. Someone gave me a seat. It was well I had had no food. Not long afterward in another part of the train an old woman died quietly of heart failure. One more gone.

We talked about everything, mostly of the war. Sometime during the day the rumor got about that Holland had capitulated. I heard no one blame the Dutch. Everyone had his or her story, and every story a tragedy—fathers, husbands, sons at the front, homes abandoned, a few possessions in bags and bundles, no idea of the future. All the life they knew and loved, home, family—finished. Perhaps some day they might return, perhaps never. One old lady told us she had lived through one German occupation of Belgium, yet, she said, this refugee train and all the horrors of flight from the enemy are better than living once again under that enemy. And I think that was typical of the frame of mind of those Belgians just as the

courage of that woman was typical of the courage of all. There was no complaining. They bore everything heroically—the word is not an exaggeration. I could not praise too highly the magnificent spirit of those suffering people.

The train went on, slowly, with frequent stops, and waits that seemed interminable. Hours later it was night. I tried to sleep, but every time I closed my eyes I saw that dead nun, wedged in, mummylike, facing me. We talked some more. Gradually people fell asleep. Finally, about 1 or 2 in the morning, we reached a town called Abbeville. There were two other trains in the station, one filled with Belgian soldiers, the other with French. These latter were about to go on leave. Suddenly the sirens wailed. Air raid! The lights went out. We sat there in the darkness, 2,000 people, waiting for the bombs. The planes were slow in coming. I had a seat at the time. I closed my eyes and sleep came. The planes had not come. When I awoke it was morning, about 4:30. We had spent the night there, some sitting, some standing.

A couple of hours later we started off in the same slow manner as the day before. We talked again. The word "food" began to be heard more than any other. The sun came out—still glorious weather. Would the second day be a repetition of the first? Would we have to spend another night in that train? Would they let us out at Dieppe? Nobody knew. A baby in the next compartment had been ill. One heard it crying regularly. The young mother was growing frantic. The other women felt for her, knew what she was suffering. What could they do? There was nothing they could do. Nerves were beginning to feel the strain. If they had to spend another night in that train! Word went around there was food waiting for us at Dieppe. That was good, but it meant they would not be let off the train. Some time in the late afternoon we reached the station at Dieppe. Fr. Conway, Mr. McNeil and I said our goodbyes to the Belgians we had met. We wished

each other well. More than one Belgian said to me: "Remember what you have seen. When you return to America, tell them of the Belgians." I promised. I am keeping that promise now.

As the train stopped, the Belgians descended on the sandwiches and coffee waiting for them. They did more than descend. They rushed for it—and were grateful it was there. I watched them. Several scenes stand out. Two French soldiers, one of them pointing to the box car where the Polish Jews were and saying to his companion, "Voilà! la cinquième colonne!" (There's the Fifth Column!) An hysterical woman begging to be allowed off the train, crying that she couldn't stand it another night, that she was ill. But orders are orders. No one was to be allowed off at Dieppe. There were only about seven exceptions, Fr. Conway, Mr. McNeil and myself among them. We were permitted to leave, after a certain amount of arguing, because we were Americans and possessed enough money to get to Paris. Of the Belgians allowed off, one was the young mother of the sick child. She was taken off because she had gone mad. And that is true.

Mr. McNeil decided to go on to Paris that night, Fr. Conway and I to stay in Dieppe. We went to the nearest hotel, the Terminus. (There's always a Terminus Hotel near the railroad station in every large city of Europe). There is no Jesuit house in Dieppe. Dirty, unshaven, dead-tired, we entered. There were some English officers sitting around drinking beer. While I was making the arrangements for the rooms, they called Fr. Conway over. I fixed things up and joined them, whereupon I learned that five minutes before we had entered the English radio had warned that Nazi parachutists were descending and dressing as priests. We were at once put down as two of the boys. As soon as we began to talk, it was evident we weren't Germans. One of the officers was a Catholic. So, what would have been a speedy capture and an even speedier death sentence was turned into a very fine welcome.

They listened to our story and invited us to beer. Then dinner, some more talk after with other English officers (the hotel was their headquarters), final good-nights—and bed.

The following morning we said Mass in the nearest parish church. Monsieur le Curé, naturally suspicious of anyone in clerical garb or otherwise not evidently French, requested our celebrets, courteously but firmly. We had none with us but fortunately possessed a substitute as good, our "faculties" from Cardinal Van Roey of Malines. A visit to a bank, a short walk about town, conversation with civilians and soldiers took up the morning. The English officers told us that Dieppe had had several alertes but no real bombing. They were expecting it however any day. It was in Dieppe that I saw the first English colonial troops. There were not many French officers in sight but many English. They were all cheerful and confident, ready to carry on as in 1914 only it was not to be as in 1914. Dieppe was lost as all of France, later. Even so, they were lucky. They assured us that had war been declared at the crisis the preceding September, England would have been caught wholly unprepared. She could never have hoped to wage a war. It would have been the end. Now, though still far behind Germany, she was beginning. Time was on her side. As, ever, the English move slowly, but their staying power is magnificent. From retreat to retreat, but the final battle is usually hers. And so they hoped it would be in this year of war, 1940.

In the afternoon we left for Paris, joining up with two Belgian Jesuits we had not met before. They had come to Dieppe by another route, refugees as all the others, but permitted to go on to Paris through a good word spoken in their behalf by a well known French Jesuit. Both Jesuits, one young, the other old, showed the terrific strain of flight, worry, the uncertain future, and the constant menace of death. Their story was pitiful, but so was the story of every one of

the two million Belgian refugees who managed to make their way into France. When is that story to be told? And by whom? I do not know. It will need more than art in the telling for it has been lived in blood and suffering and tears. Can words do it justice?

We passed the time in talking, everyone joining in, civilians with soldiers, French with Belgians, Belgians with Americans, and always on the one topic, the war. But no matter what one said or thought it all came back to the words of one Frenchwoman: "Mais enfin, c'est monstrueux!" The train rumbled on. Every day of that flight from Louvain there were unforgettable scenes. It is not easy to forget incredible suffering. On this one ride to Paris I recall three scenes, vignettes of the reality of war. One was a hospital train of wounded poilus that passed us slowly with the windows open and the men visible. Another was the conduct of some Norman soldiers who made the trip with us in our car, laughing and joking like schoolboys setting off for the holidays, only their holidays were over. Their furloughs finished they would be back at the front on the morrow. And the third was a farewell between a young peasant soldier in an old horizon blue uniform, his wife and their tiny daughter.

I had read much of soldiers' farewells. I thought of Homer's undying scene of Hector and the baby boy frightened at his father's waving plume, and Andromache smiling through her tears, and their calm and dignified speech. It is all that they say of it—the scholars and the teachers—beautiful, moving, sincere, only it is not life, it is not true. I know. I have seen many in the space of a year. This one at a small station on the road to Paris was more touching than any in literature. There were no fine speeches, no classic words. The wife and mother was weeping, not hysterically, but quietly, without hope. She said one thing only and that to the child in her arms. "Dis au revoir à Papa, bébé!" And the child smiled and said: "Au revoir, papa!" And he, that farmer in the dirty old blue uniform,

with his sun-tanned face and his hard brown hands, said nothing, not one word. He only looked at his wife and child in silence. Were you a casual passerby you might have thought him cold, indifferent. But you would have been wrong. You had only to look into his eyes to read an agony of silent pain. I only looked once. It isn't fair to witness such suffering. A soul can be naked sometimes, even to the eyes of sympathy. In the same compartment a passenger like myself was watching. As the train started to move and husband and wife were seeing only each other, she called out to the child: "Don't cry, Daddy will come back!" Will he? I wonder.

Arrived at Paris I found that, strangely enough, the city had not lost its normal air of activity and life. There were differences, of course, but nothing like those to be seen in London. Even the Paris blackout was mild compared to the stygian night that rendered invisible the queen city of the British Isles. There were signs everywhere pointing out the proximity of air-raid shelters, sand bags in view in some sections, statues boarded up, museums closed, women collecting tickets in the Metro (subway), taxi drivers no longer French, but Spanish and Italian, and, finally, police with rifles slung over their shoulders. But all this was counterbalanced by the sight of the casual, strolling throngs on the Champs Elysées, the ease with which excellent food was to be had, (though on certain days meat was forbidden, on others; liqueurs and sodas), the absence of soldiers in the capital, the full time running of cinemas, and, in general, the practically unrestricted life of normal Paris. Perhaps most unexpected of all was the familiar Parisian sight of the sidewalk cafes crowded as usual, with patrons sipping their drinks, watching the strollers, interminably arguing politics and the war, at their ease, animated, without one sign or token of fear, and this though every newspaper carried the grim word that the Germans were only eighty miles from Paris, advancing daily. I tried to picture what

New York would be like were it known that an enemy force had taken Poughkeepsie, and were headed south. Yet there they were, the Parisians, still being Parisians, perhaps in the long run, too much so.

There were frequent air raid alarms in the city. The sirens would wail, all activity would stop, people would take cover, and one would await the planes. No vehicle could move, no person was permitted to leave his shelter till the "all clear" had been given. During that period nothing could be bought or sold. If you were at dinner in a public place you left it for the nearest shelter. The city went dead, save for the police, the first aid men, and the air raid wardens. It stayed that way, one hour, two hours, as long as the enemy planes were in the vicinity. I saw several of them, on occasions, and heard the fire of anti-aircraft guns, but, in general, there was no real bombing while I was there and no heavy fire over the city. Pursuit planes were sent up instead. There was an anti-aircraft group on the roof of a building quite close to the Jesuit house in the Rue de Grenelle where we stayed. One would go aloft to watch the fire if it came in the day but the night was another matter. After all one must sleep, even in a war.

At the Jesuit house in the Rue de Grenelle we were received with the greatest courtesy. We were not the only guests. Belgians were arriving daily and departing daily. Many of the Louvain community came while we were there, and a whole group of Belgian Novices, including two postulants, put in an appearance for a few hours. Fathers McGloin and Finnegan of the California Province and some other American Jesuits were on hand ahead of us with their adventures to relate and ours to hear. Father Corcoran and Mr. McNeil had arrived, stayed one night and left for the south. Of Father Cannon there was no word.

Several of the French community there were in the army. Of the Belgian arrivals most would find places in the new army to be formed in France. Some few were missing—Louvain to Paris in time of war,

particularly in the face of a blitzkrieg was a hazardous journey. All had had unpleasant experiences. Some had been at the point of execution, charged with being parachutists and spies. Scarcely one had had news of his family. Many of the Louvain community were with the Belgian army, fighting courageously in Flanders. But of them, of course, there was no news. And so it would continue for weeks, perhaps for the entire war, uncertainty, fear, sorrow. At lunch of the first day at the Rue de Grenelle the name of a French Jesuit scholastic was read out—killed in battle. There were to be more.

Father Conway and I stayed for about a week, arranging for our exit visas, the money always necessary, and everything else demanded of travellers in time of war. The American Legion in Paris was doing a splendid job of giving out information where to go and how to get there and in getting one through the endless red tape involved. Outside of its offices I saw one of the American Red Cross ambulances that had been machine-gunned. The Red Cross was plainly visible. So were the bullet holes.

While at the Rue de Grenelle we met Père Malevez, Belgian professor of theology at Louvain. He told us he was on his way to Lyons to hear the "ad grad" examinations of any Belgians who could get there. There would, he said, be three other professors of the Louvain faculty present also. This, of course, was a piece of good fortune. We resolved to go, if at all possible. Père Duboisne, the Provincial, kindly arranged to let us know if there were room. With personal notes and one or two books with us we were not badly off, and of course there was the library at the French Theologate in Lyons. It was best to leave Paris anyhow. One could not escape the fact that the Germans were everywhere victorious. The awaited counter-attack had not taken place. No sign was given that it was ever to take place. Reynaud had replaced Daladier, and Weygand had replaced Gamelin. For the

first time in fifty years a French government had prayed publicly in Notre Dame. And the soul of France began to awake. Communism, corruption and the Popular Front—synonyms all three—had done their deadly work, sapping the life of the nation, weakening, decaying, betraying. People were beginning to realize the truth. But was it not too late? So it was feared. And so it proved to be. God help France!

The next step for Father Conway and myself was Lyons, a fairly long and slow train trip from Paris. The Jesuit house there rests on a hill, Montée de Fourvière. From it one has a magnificent view of the city proper. The Rhône and the Saône, sister rivers glide slowly by, marking the site of the old city, historic in the eyes of the Church and France. Over their pleasant waters are many bridges, graceful and pleasing to the eye, future targets for the Stuka planes, one notes automatically, for there is war going on and even Lyons, far from the German front as it is will not escape attack. And so it happened. There were many alertes during our stay and one very heavy attack, a monstrous pyrotechnic display, the bombardment of a great group of factories some miles from the city. We watched it from our house, an awesome spectacle of death-dealing steel and fire, the Nazi planes high in the heavens, almost invisible in the blue sky, the billowing smoke of bursting shells from the anti-aircraft guns, and the red flames rising from the ruin below.

Despite the many alarms study went on, preparation for exams, and finally the exams themselves, for the house was a Jesuit Theologate. More than half of the theologians were in the army, several of the Faculty too. Of the Professors and Superiors left eight wore the bright red cockade, honored sign in France—"blessée" (wounded) of the Great War. There would be the wounded and killed of this war too. Several times during our stay the notice was read at table: "On recommande aux prières de la communauté—then followed the name of the slain soldier— "Tombé

au champ d'Honneur". Fallen on the field of honor! There is really nothing much to say after that. Silence is best.

A few steps from our house stands the magnificent new cathedral, high on the mount, dominating the valley, the city, and the twin rivers below. Once, coming from a shelter opposite the cathedral as the "all clear" was given at the end of an air-raid alarm I saw some people emerging from the depths of the church. There was a flash of scarlet in the blazing sun. It was Cardinal Gerlier, ex-soldier and prelate. What is worse, it was the Twentieth Century.

There were not a few Belgians at Lyons, most of whom had been at Louvain. They were still without word of family, without word of their fellow Jesuits. For them the hardest blow of all, perhaps, was the news of Leopold's capitulation. The word came as a shock to all, painful to the French, bitter to the Belgians. I saw some weeping like children. But most did not condemn him. Nor should we. His case has not yet been heard. Of the fate of the Belgian army up to now no news could be obtained, nor would be for many a day. How many of the men I lived with for four years were now prisoners or wounded or dead upon "the field of honor"? Even the last few days we were to spend with our Belgian companions and brothers were heavy with gloom. From the invasion onward there was never one note of success, one gleam of victory.

Our time in Lyons was now at an end. It was farewell for good to the men of Louvain. It was not easy to part. I think they knew that our pity, and our sympathy, and some part of us stayed with them.

So, onward again, south, to Bordeaux. At Lyons we had bought tickets on the S. S. Washington, an American boat of the United States Lines. It was to sail on the sixth or the eighth of June. The last lap was in view. Not far from Lyons, at a place called Givor, I saw part of the destruction wrought by one of the

recent air-raids, a long row of ruined homes. People rushed to the windows to see. There is fascination in broken things and the hand of death.

It was a long train ride, from late afternoon till seven the next morning, but it was relatively comfortable. After that unforgettable two days in a crowded train from Tournai to Dieppe no ride seems wearisome now. Bordeaux presented a startling sight. It was probably at that time the most crowded city of France. It simply swarmed with refugees from northern France and all of Belgium. Within a radius of five kilometers from the city there was not a single room to be had in any hotel or pension. Some American seminarians, formerly of Louvain, told us they were sleeping eight to ten in a room. Others slept in the open, on park benches. Father Conway and I had no need to worry. There was Jesuit hospitality, warm and sincere, waiting for us. We were informed, on the day following our arrival, that the Washington was to sail on the eighth of June. Two or three day in Bordeaux were all that we had to wait and all that was left to us in unhappy France.

It was evident that the passenger list on the Washington was to be a large one. The offices of the company were crowded. Final checkup revealed that we were to number fifteen hundred. All available room was occupied. The swimming pool was boarded up and two lounges were alike converted into dormitories. Father Conway and I found we were to share a cabin with Monsignor De Strycker, a Belgian, Rector of the American College at Louvain, whom we had known during our four years in the town. The fourth passenger in the cabin was a Marianist seminarian. There were to be thirty priests on board, the majority of whom, of course, were Americans. The eighth of June came, we said goodbye to the Jesuits of Bordeaux, took the boat train to Le Verdon, and boarded the Washington. During dinner, towards seven thirty in the evening, we slipped quietly out to sea.

There was to be one more adventure. Our first stop was at Lisbon. The second was to be Galway. Between the two, somewhere off the north coast of Spain we were stopped by a submarine. At five thirty on a cold, gray dawn the alarm bells awoke all passengers. Stewards conducted us, sleepy-eyed and wondering, to the upper deck. We waited. A voice from a microphone spoke, "Everyone please keep calm. We do not yet know what is happening". Later the order came to enter the life-boats, women and children first. The sea looked cold and forbidding, a limitless expanse of water. One had one's life-belt, and the wooden boat but before the immensity of that slate-gray waste of water one was conscious only of being infinitely small and helpless. But there was no sign of panic. Crew and passengers alike did as they were told. There were hundreds of children of all ages on board. For their parents it was a grim moment. Huddled in the partially lowered life-boats we waited. Soon we were moving again at top speed. The order was given to remain in the boats. Later the voice from the microphone announced that we were running from a submarine. Still later the welcome word that the danger was over. We could go back to our cabins.

We learned afterwards what had happened. An unidentified submarine had signalled the captain to stop. The Washington, flying the American flag, with another huge one painted on the side, had obeyed. The submarine commander then gave the order to heave to. Captain Manning, our captain, obeyed again, and we swung around, presenting clear evidence of who we were and offering a splendid target to a torpedo. Then from the submarine came the message: "Torpedo ship ten minutes". Thunder-struck, Captain Manning had signalled back the impossibility of getting off passengers and crew in that short space of time, and asking more. At this moment we were awakened and brought on deck. No answer from the U-Boat. Captain Manning then gave the order to keep signalling: "Wash-

ington, American ship. Washington, American Ship". The U-Boat approached and we waited. Time went by and then came the message of release: "Sorry. Mistake. Proceed". We did, only to sight another submarine, some two miles off, a short time later. The order was given—Change course, full speed ahead. Capable of twenty-seven knots an hour we could outdistance any submarine, given half a start. We raced along and away, successfully. For the second time the danger was over.

From that moment on there was no further unwelcome thrill except the fairly constant one, the realization that floating mines and submarines were always a possibility. We stopped at Galway to take on more passengers. No one was allowed off the boat at either Galway or Lisbon. At this latter place there was an extra reason for the prohibition. Smallpox had broken out in the city. All passengers embarking at Lisbon had to be vaccinated or prove that they had been vaccinated recently before they were allowed to enter the United States. Leaving Galway we took a northerly route for many miles, then westward—to America. Day after day we plowed steadily onward, the passengers calm, but with an undercurrent of anxiety. Over four hundred children would be a care in any circumstances. It was not well to think of what might happen.

Two or three times a day we listened anxiously to the news of the war. Still no cheering word. Paris falls, Italy enters the war, France makes a final appeal to America, England fights on. What of America we thought? What are they saying, thinking, doing? Well, we would soon know. Daily we followed the ship's course on the map provided, nearer and nearer to the American coast. Finally we sighted an American cutter, then one night the lights of Nantucket. On the following day, June the 21st, I awoke, to find no motion of the ship. I went up on deck, and there in the sunshine was a thrilling sight, the Statue of Liberty

and the New York skyline. An airplane rode the morning sky wheeling and dipping above us. No need of sirens now, no fear of bombs, no rushing to shelters. One could watch the graceful thing without fear of sudden death. It was almost over now, baggages made ready, stewards tipped, goodbyes said. Then more official business, reporters, photographers, the trip through the narrows, up the harbor, to the crowded pier, down the gang-plank and we were home—away from Europe, from murderous hate and death raining from the skies, away from war. We were home, once more in America—America, where there is still liberty, and still peace.

A. M. D. G.

OBITUARY

FATHER EDWARD A. CUMMINGS

1872-1940

Father Edward A. Cummings was born in Saverne, Alsace-Lorraine, July 9, 1872. As a boy of fifteen he entered the Apostolic School at Cogehampton, Sussex, England, to be sent anywhere in the world as a missionary. Four years later he came to the Novitiate at Macon, Georgia, and made his first vows there in 1893.

After the philosophical course, which he made at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, he passed his regency in teaching Latin, Greek and English, for three years at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Alabama, and for two further years at Sacred Heart College, Augusta, Georgia. His theological studies were made at St. Louis University, where he was ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Glennon in 1905. The three following years he was a teacher at Shreveport, Louisiana. After making his Tertianship, he was a member of the Mission Band for three years and during this time, in 1911, he pronounced his last vows at the Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans.

From 1913 to 1919, during the trying days of the World War, he was Rector of Spring Hill College; from 1919 to 1924 he was President of Loyola University, New Orleans; and from 1924 to 1929 he served as Provincial. On laying down the burden of his office, he was for a short time pastor at Miami and then became Dean at Spring Hill, in which position he remained until 1935.

At this time a heart condition began to interfere with his work and he was sent to the Juniorate to act

as spiritual father. When the juniors were moved to Spring Hill in 1938, he accompanied them in the same capacity. During the summer of that year the heart attacks grew steadily worse, and almost immediately after receiving an appointment as assistant as Baronne Street, Father Cummings was taken to the Hotel Dieu in New Orleans. He died there in the morning of October 2. Very Rev. Fr. Provincial said the Requiem Mass the next morning, when the body was taken to Spring Hill for burial, where the brief service was attended by many friends, cleric and lay.

Father Cummings had a truly remarkable love for the Society. The *Constitutions* were the very guide of his life and he strove to foster in all under his direction a knowledge, reverence and love of them like his own. His instructions and guidance were based on his own personal experience. His words and actions plainly showed that he could never be satisfied with mediocrity.

He was apparently simple, direct and outspoken in his ways, but there was about him a rare prudence and solidity. In the practice of poverty and obedience he was most exact. Once called unexpectedly to the parlor, he told the porter he could not come because he had to rest in bed at the time, under the orders of the doctor. But later the porter found out that an even likelier reason might have been the fact that Father Cummings' only pair of shoes were being resoled. Another time, shortly before his death, he said with a smile: "This cassock will do me for a few months, Father; I don't want to leave a new one behind."

Once on merely being "sounded out" about preaching a Lenten Course, Father Cummings without further ado, at what he took to be the "suggestion" of the Superior sat down to write the first sermon. Yet between each weekly talk he had to recuperate from the strain of a 200 mile trip and, moreover, he had but just finished a novena series.

He preached usually at the private Mass for the

Negro help at the Novitiate and at Spring Hill preached whenever possible. He gave sermons in the college chapel for the Mass of the Holy Ghost last year, this past summer, and for a Midnight Mass. There was hardly a limit to his zeal in spreading the Word of God. To see him say Mass was an inspiration. His reverence and recollection was most manifest.

But, as they say who were with him much, it is his cheerfulness and affability that will be longest recalled. Nothing could upset his good spirits or remove the smile from his face or cloud his faith. According to one whose superior he was for many years, "His friendly smile and his cheerful greeting made a perfect picture of the cheerfulness of the Saints of God".

R. I. P.

FATHER JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS

1875-1940

At Shadowbrook, the Jesuit novitiate in the Berkshires, just before midnight of October 28, Father Joseph J. Williams went quietly home to God after suffering a severe heart attack. The community realized on the following morning that the grand old man of Shadowbrook, whose paternal smile had helped so much to make the novitiate a home, had answered his Master's last summons with that generous spirit of obedience that characterized his whole life.

Father Williams, son of Nicholas and Mary Jane (O'Connor) Williams, was born in Boston, Mass., on December 1st, 1875. He received his early education at home from his mother, who had been a school-teacher in Boston. His father had once been a Jesuit novice, but due to an eye disease had to abandon his vocation. In after years he was called the Jesuits' man "Friday", because of his loyal cooperation in all their needs.

After making his preparatory studies at Boston College High School, Joseph Williams entered the Society of Jesus at Frederick, Maryland, on July 28, 1893. Before the completion of Juniorate studies, Mr. Williams because of poor health was sent to the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, where he spent four years as assistant prefect of studies and discipline and as teacher of mathematics. At the end of his philosophical and scientific studies made at Woodstock College during the years, 1901-1903, he was selected to make special studies in physics at Johns Hopkins University, but the scarcity of scholastics caused superiors to give up this plan and to send him to teach at Loyola School, New York. The next year we find him back again at Woodstock to take up the study of theology; there he was ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, on June 27, 1907. Ill health again forced an interruption of his studies. After spending the next year at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, teaching grammar to the novices and mathematics to the Juniors, he returned to Woodstock for the fourth year of theology. During the years, 1910-1911, Father Williams was procurator at the home of the national Catholic weekly, *America*, and then went to St. Andrew-on-Hudson to make his Tertianship.

The five years immediately following laid the groundwork of his deep knowledge of anthropology. These years were spent as a missionary in Jamaica when the missionaries were few and the bush extensive; at one time his parish covered over a hundred square miles though with still fewer parishoners. In the midst of his work for souls Father Williams became interested in the customs and superstitions of the natives. Always a scientist at heart, he seemed to have a natural aptitude for such investigations, and due to his priestly ministrations he was able to gain the confidence of the people. He arrived in Jamaica not long after the terrible earthquake of 1912 and as a result was enabled to

gather much archaeological and anthropological data. Later on when Father Williams returned to the United States these Jamaican experiences served to illustrate various points in his first book, a development of the Spiritual Exercises.

During the next eight years, 1918-1926, Father Williams was treasurer at Woodstock, Holy Cross College, the shortlived novitiate at Yonkers, New York, the novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson and at Keyser Island. When the New England Province was fully established in 1927, he became a member of the Province Mission Band and later, in 1929, was appointed the province treasurer and Revisor arc. Prov. et Inspect. admin. temp., with headquarters at Boston College High School from 1929 to 1930 and then at Boston College. In the spring of 1931 he was a delegate to the Congregation of Procurators in Rome.

In 1932 he began his lectures on anthropology in the graduate school of Boston College and laid the foundation of the department of anthropology there. There he established an ethnological library containing an *Africana* collection which is listed by the International Institute of African Languages and Culture as the best in the western Hemisphere. In 1935 with two other college professors he represented the United States at the International Congress of Anthropologists in London. In addition to lecturing, preaching and writing several volumes on the Spiritual Exercises and four scholarly works on anthropology, Father Williams inaugurated a series of scientific bulletins on anthropology.

In the midst of this work he suffered an attack of paralysis of the legs and hoping that the Jamaican climate might help him and at the same time with a view to collecting additional data for his writings he made a trip to the island. However, his condition grew steadily worse and he was compelled to return to Boston to seek more expert medical attention than could be found in Jamaica. The diagnosis showed that

he was suffering from a form of diabetes and with chronic infantile paralysis.

Since he was by this time a recognized authority in the field of anthropology, Father Williams had been looking forward to do his most important work in that line. However, knowing that sickness no less than health is from God, he relinquished his professorship, abandoned his writing, and asked to be sent to Shadowbrook, where he felt he would be less of a burden to the Society.

At the novitiate Father Williams' condition grew steadily worse; soon he was not able to walk without assistance and was obliged to remain seated while offering up the Holy Sacrifice. Nevertheless, he arose every morning with the community, even though he frequently had suffered heart attacks during the night. After one of these attacks he humorously described his weakened state by saying that he felt "just like a cancelled stamp." On one occasion, after a severe heart attack, he called the libriarian to his room. The young man arrived, expecting that Father wished to return some books, but was met with the request for three new volumes, including the first volume of Ludwig von Pastor's twenty-seven volumes on the Papacy, which the undaunted Father intended to finish.

The novices and juniors used to take Father out for a ride in his wheel chair. "I'll hold the building up while you get the chair" was his happy greeting. Once in the chair a fund of interesting stories about the Society and about many of her famous sons flowed from his lips. In the midst of his indisposition, when asked how he was feeling a cheery "Punk, thank God" was his answer. In his room on the front of a filing cabinet he placed the motto which he carried out in life, "Keep smiling". On his desk was the daily examen book faithfully marked up to his last day. The spirit of poverty that characterized his entire life was augmented in these last days. Years before in Jamaica he told his parishoners that they would have to feed him

or bury him and that it was cheaper to feed him. Now at the end of his days he stripped himself of all personal belongings except what was absolutely necessary, even handing to Rev. Fr. Rector his watch, because there was a clock in his room.

During the last six months the memory which had faithfully recorded so many scientific facts began to fail him, so that he kept repeating over and over the same stories and even forgot the prayers of the Mass that he had been repeating for thirty years and the hands that had written so prolifically now could not even hold a pen, yet never a complaint passed his lips. The "Suscipe" of half a century ago was day by day more patiently and perfectly fulfilled until it was consummated here below and realized in heaven above.

Father Williams published works included: "Keep the Gate", 1923; "Yearning for God", 1924; "Whisperings of the Carribean", 1925; "Hebrewisms of West Africa", 1930; "Whence the Black Irish of Jamaica", 1932; "Voodoos and Obeahs", 1932; "Psychic Phenomena of Jamaica", 1934; "Africa's God", 1937; "The Maroons of Jamaica", 1938; and "Thoughts on Evolution", 1939.

Father Williams belonged to very many anthropological societies. He was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society of Arts, the Royal Anthropological Institute and the American Geographical Society and many others.

R. I. P.

FATHER CHARLES P. GISLER

1868-1940

On Sunday, December 15, 1940, at 4:15 A.M., in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Brighton, Massachusetts, Father Charles P. Gisler passed to his eternal reward.

His death is a most severe loss to Holy Trinity Parish, where he was Pastor and Superior of the Community for more than nineteen years. This long tenure of office is a significant fact. At the time of his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit in 1938, Reverend Father Provincial declared in the presence of several Fathers: "No matter what the special reasons have been to leave Father Gisler so many years as Superior, the fact that he did remain so long proves that the higher Superiors considered him not only exceptionally fitted for the position but also a religious of superior quality."

Father Gisler was born on January 10, 1868, at Altdorf, Switzerland, one of the most picturesque spots in Europe, only two miles from the southeastern shore of the beautiful lake of Lucerne and near the beginning of the famous ascent of the railroad to the well-known Alpine tunnel of St. Gotthard, which connects Switzerland with Italy. Altdorf is the capital of the Canton of Uri, which, with three other cantons, in 1291 laid the foundation of Switzerland, the oldest democratic state still existing, with which gradually the other cantons or states associated. For centuries they maintained their independence: first, against the Hapsburgs, then against the Empire and lastly against the forces of the French Revolution.

Altdorf occupies a very interesting place in literature. Many know Schiller's celebrated drama, "William Tell"; almost everyone has heard the story of William Tell shooting the apple from the head of his boy. This historical fact, as some still call it, or legendary event, as others designate it, occurred in the market place of Altdorf.

During the so-called "Reformation" period more than one-half of the Swiss embraced Zwinglianism or Calvinism. Among the cantons which remained loyal to the Catholic Church were the four original cantons. More than once did those liberty loving people take up arms in defense of their Catholic faith, notably so in 1531 in the battle of Kappel in which Zwingli, the

oppressor of Catholicism, fell, and again as late as 1874. That is the kind of Catholic people, lovers of liberty and champions of the Catholic Faith, from whom Father Gisler sprang. In the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* (XI ed.) we read: "In 1900 the population of Altdorf was 3,117, all Romanists and German speaking."

Father Gisler came from a thoroughly Catholic family. One of his brothers was a distinguished Benedictine Monk in Jerusalem, another was a Trappist in South Africa, two sisters are nuns, while a cousin was Coadjutor Bishop of Chur (Choire). But there is something far more interesting. Father Gisler was the direct descendant of a holy man who was beatified in 1669 and whose process of canonization is pending in Rome, Blessed Nicholas of Flüe who died in 1487. Blessed Nicholas was a well-to-do peasant and often elected judge in his locality. After raising a family of ten children, five boys and five girls, with the consent of his wife he took up the life of a hermit in a hermitage he built for himself in a secluded valley, devoting himself to a life of prayer and mortification; for years he took no food, receiving only Holy Communion. The fame of his sanctity spread beyond the borders of his own country. People came to him in their troubles for advice and consolation and even the dissensions between the different cantons were submitted to him and settled by him.

Young Charles Gisler, after preparatory studies in his home town, in 1886 went to the Jesuit College, "Stella Matutina", in Feldkirch, Austria. Although located in Austria, the college was conducted by German Jesuits, who since 1872 had been expelled from Germany. Until two years ago, when it was suppressed by the Nazis, it was one of the most famous Jesuit institutions in the world. Small wonder that Father Gisler often spoke of it with great enthusiasm.

The Swiss Catholics in modern times have contributed many religious famous in the annals of the Society of Jesus: Father Anderledy, who was elected Vicar-

General with the right of succession to the venerable Father Beckx in 1883 and governed the Society as General from 1887 to 1892; Father Baumgartner, author of the famous *History of the World's Literature*, in six volumes; Father Meyer and Father Cathrein, authors of works on moral philosophy, known all over the world; two Fathers Villiger, one of them most dear to thousands of Catholics in Philadelphia and other sections of the East; and Father Meschler, the "Master of Asceticism", as he has been rightly styled.

A few years ago Father Gisler led a pilgrimage to Rome and had the privilege of an interview with Very Reverend Father General Ledóchowski, who, when he learned that Father Gisler had been a novice under Father Meschler, exclaimed: "Ah! he was a novice master such as the Society has once in a century". That Father Gisler benefited from the training and inspiration of that great man was evident in his life.

Charles Gisler entered the Society on September 30, 1888, in Blyenbeck, Holland and in 1890 made his juniorate in Wynandsrade, Holland. From 1891 to 1894 he studied philosophy in Exaetan, Holland, where Fathers Haan, Frick, Hontheim, were among his professors. In 1894 the course in philosophy was transferred to the newly established college of Valkenburg, Holland.

On the completion of his philosophy he was sent to the Buffalo Mission of the German Province. From 1894 to 1896 he was prefect and teacher in Canisius College, Buffalo, and served in the same capacity during the subsequent two years in St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio. In 1898 he returned to Valkenberg for his theology and was ordained there on August 25, 1901. On returning to the United States he made his tertianship at Brooklyn, Ohio. From 1903 to 1914 he was teacher and prefect of discipline at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., and it was there that he pronounced his final vows on February 2nd, 1906. He served as minister at St. Ann's Church, Buffalo, from

1914 to 1917; taught philosophy in the science department of Canisius College from 1917 to 1919 and spent the years 1919-1921 teaching, mostly French and Greek, at Boston College. In 1921 he was appointed Pastor and Superior of Trinity Church, Boston, which office he held until his death.

As regards his interior life—his character—the following traits were outstanding. He was a truly religious man: a man of prayer, devotion and religious observance. Secondly, he was a man of remarkable zeal for souls, a characteristic that marked him even in his scholastic days, when as a teacher he not only made his pupils study hard, but also strove with all his energy to train their characters, to make them true men and solid Catholics.

Greater opportunities to manifest that zeal were offered to him when he became Pastor. Until seven weeks before his death he was indefatigable in hearing confessions; they numbered 16,000 each year. Penitents came to him in throngs not only from the neighborhood but from considerable distances as well. On confession days, he was one of the first in his box at 3 P. M. and one of the last to leave it at 10:00 or 10:30 P. M. He introduced various devotions, novenas, and the like. This was all the more important as the original German members of the Parish had gradually moved far away from the church and could attend only certain devotions, particularly the meetings and monthly Communions of the various sodalities. In all this he was generously assisted by the curates, whom he encouraged in every possible way, allowing them the greatest possible liberty and giving only general directions. He never manifested the slightest sign of selfishness or jealousy; he was only too glad if others did as much as they could for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The most remarkable trait of Father Gisler was his spirit of Christian charity. Those who knew him best feel that in him were verified the words of our Lord:

"By this men shall know that you are my disciples if you have love one for another". (St. John 13, 34). First of all, he was a most kind and generous host. On special occasions, feasts of the Society or other particular feasts, he loved to invite a number of fellow Jesuits for a little celebration and every one knew that all was motivated by a true spirit of charity. Again, visiting priests, not only of the Society, but other religious and seculars who could not afford to live at hotels or preferred to live in a religious house, were always welcomed and entertained in the spirit of Christ. Moreover, he was a great exemplar of charity in the ordinary sense of the word. God alone knows all he did in this way. The fact is he tried to hide his deeds of charity as much as he could; he truly lived up to Christ's council: "Let not the left hand know what the right hand is doing". We can give only a few hints here of these activities. When after the World War there was terrible privation and suffering in many countries and many appeals, pathetic and heartrending, came from suffering and starving religious communities, Father Gisler did an amount of good for which we do not hesitate to use the word, enormous. He appealed for help publicly and privately. Numerous letters came to him expressing the heartfelt gratitude of the beneficiaries; letters from various countries in Europe, from China and Japan.

Nor were the poor people of Boston neglected, but he was especially eager to help those whom the Germans called "Verschaemte Arme", people who once had means of their own and who on losing them were ashamed to make their need known.

Among the more than a hundred priests who attended the Requiem Mass were His Excellency Bishop Richard Cushing as the representative of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, a number of monsignori, the Fathers Provincial of the New England and Maryland-New York Provinces, and the Rectors of the various houses of the New England Province. The inter-

ment was in the cemetery of Weston College, the house of studies. Never before did the Fathers of the College witness such expressions of grief and tributes of loyalty as were shown by the large throng that gathered at the grave.

R. I. P.

FATHER JOHN A. POST, S.J.

1855-1940

Before we could publish the following article by Father William J. Ryan, S.J., of St. Michael's College, Spokane, Washington, on the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Father John A. Post, S.J., the venerable Indian Missionary passed to his eternal reward, December 27, in Spokane, Wash., but nine days after the death of his brother, Father Hubert A. Post, S.J., a missionary for twenty years in Alaska. Since this article contains the life history of Father Post, it is printed here as his obituary. EDITOR.

Father John A. Post, pioneer Indian missionary, completed fifty years of priesthood, Sunday, December 8. The occasion was celebrated with due solemnity at Sacred Heart Mission, De Smet, Idaho, on Thursday, December 5.

Indians from every part of the reservation assembled to do honor to their beloved Father. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Edward J. Kelly, D.D., Bishop of Boise, Very Rev. William G. Elliott, Provincial of the Oregon Province, and many others of the clergy attended.

The day began with Mass celebrated by Bishop Kelly at 6 o'clock. At ten o'clock, Solemn High Mass *coram episcopo* was sung by the venerable jubilarian. Very Rev. Father Provincial was the assistant priest; Father Francis C. Dillon, S.J., deacon of the Mass;

and Father Cornelius E. O'Bryne, S.J., superior of the Sacred Heart Mission, sub-deacon. Members of the Indian council served as acolytes. Father Louis Taelman, S.J., a former president of Gonzaga University, a missionary for forty-two years among the Crow, Flathead, Kalispel and Spokane Indians, and a fellow student of Father Post in 1882 at the Belgian Apostolic School at Turnhout, preached at the Solemn Mass in both English and Indian.

After the noon banquet, held in the boys' dining-room, which had been tastefully decorated by the Indian women, who also prepared the feast, a formal reception was held at 2:30 P. M. at which clergy and prominent tribesmen paid honor to the patriarchal missionary and parents and children presented him with spiritual bouquets. At seven in the evening an entertainment was given in which young and old took part.

On the following day, the first Friday of the month, traditionally observed by the Coeur d'Alene Indians as a day of special devotion, tribal members received the Sacraments for Father Post's intention.

Father John Post (Sheng Poos) was born at Berburg, in the grand duchy of Luxemburg, January 1, 1855. At the age of eighteen, having completed a normal course at Luxemburg, he taught for seven years in a boys' school at Senningen. Then followed two years of study in the Apostolic School for Foreign Missions at Turnhout, Belgium.

Completing this course in 1882, he came to America and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. Two years later he began the study of philosophy at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland. It was there that he learned from Father Cataldo, General Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, who was attending the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, that Indian missionaries were badly needed in the northwest. Father Post promptly volunteered for this work and in 1887 made his first acquaintance with the

Indian language, when stationed at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

In a letter from that mission, dated February 23, 1888, he writes: "So far I have done very little in the way of the study of Indian; not because books are wanting, for both an Indian grammar and dictionary have been on my desk a long while. The grammar was written by our late Father Mengarini. The dictionary comprises two volumes: Indian-English and English-Indian, but, it is said that to learn Indian by means of private study is a pretty difficult undertaking and perhaps an altogether useless attempt. The most efficient method would be to learn it by conversing with Indians, or perhaps the best of all would be to do the latter and not to neglect the former, that is, to make a happy combination of the two ways."

Evidently young Mr. Post was to achieve this happy combination, for later he wrote two Indian grammars, one in the widely spoken Kalispel, and the other in the Kootenai tongue. He had constant occasion to exercise himself in Indian conversation, for, in those days, not only all the Indians, young and old alike, spoke their native language almost exclusively, but the missionaries, too, were of necessity, obliged to converse in it fluently.

He tells us that the Indian boys were never left alone for more than five minutes at a time. It seems that, as prefect, it was his duty to enforce this rigid supervision. He expressed himself wholly in favor of the merits of such a disciplinary system.

At Gonzaga College, where during the following year he taught the second grammar class and mathematics, the boys' daily order seems no less severe. They rose at 5:30, morning prayers and Mass were at 6:00, studies at 6:30, breakfast and recreation at 7:30, class at 8:15, recess at 10:30, class at 10:45, optional branches, French, German or music at 11:15, dinner at 12:00. In the afternoon, studies at 1:30, class at 2:00, lunch, recreation at 3, studies at 4:30;

supper, recreation at 6:15; studies at 7:00; night prayers, retire, at 8:30.

At DeSmet Mission which he saw for the first time when he made a retreat there, June 21, 1889, a rigid system of training was in force. "Rules of the Sacred Heart College, DeSmet," prescribed that "the boys shall be called up at 5½ in the morning, . . . at 6 o'clock they betake themselves to the chapel to say their morning prayers followed by Mass . . . At 7 o'clock all go to breakfast two by two and in silence . . . Silence is to be kept at all meals, . . . nobody is allowed to be out of the Prefect's sight, . . . after recreation the boys form the lines and two by two betake themselves to the school-room."

Father Post's fondness for order and attention to detail manifests itself at every phase of his career. Among the pages of his Memoranda we discover a carefully preserved clipping entitled "The Curse of America is Lack of Discipline." He continues perseveringly to follow a daily order of prayer, study and apostolic labor from which he has not departed since the beginning of his religious life. This devotion to a regular schedule of duties probably began with his student days in Luxemburg.

In August, 1899, at the time when some forty acres of Spokane's business section suffered destruction by fire, Father Post was returning to Woodstock College. Here he began the study of theology, among his professors being the famous moralist, Reverend Aloysius Sabetti, S.J. Ten months later, he was transferred to St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, where he continued his studies under the direction of Father Canestrelli, former Doctor of Theology of the Gregorian University, Rome.

Father Philip Canestrelli had been an Indian missionary for twenty years. While occupying the position formerly held by Cardinal Franzelin, he learned of the death of a former fellow student, Father Philip Rappagliosi, the "Apostle of the Blackfeet." Inspired by

his example of sacrifice, he along with several others volunteered for mission work in the wilds of Montana. The former master theologian taught these primitive people the *Baltimore Catechism* which he had translated into the idiom of the Kalispel language. The Kalispel version of the Catechism was published at Woodstock in 1891. At the time of Father Post's coming, Father Canestrelli was ministering to the spiritual needs of the Kootenai Indians, who dwelt in two small camps: one in Montana, at Dayton Creek, near Flathead Lake, and the other on the bank of the Kootenai River, near Bonners Ferry, in Idaho. There were about 160 Indians in each camp.

While studying theology and acquiring a thorough knowledge of both the Kootenai and Kalispel languages, young Mr. Post accompanied the old missionary on his journeys. Professor and student, in a buggy drawn by a sturdy team of horses, traveled through Idaho and Montana, over the rough trails of fifty years ago, bringing spiritual refreshment to a widely scattered Indian population.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1890, John Post was ordained by the Most Reverend John Brondel, first bishop of Helena, Montana. Father Post's brother, the Reverend Hubert Post, S.J., was then a scholastic at the mission. His duties as prefect of the Indian boys were so exacting that he found no time to be present at his brother's ordination.

After ordination, Father Post continued his study of theology and Indian languages, under the expert guidance of Father Canestrelli. The two fathers were in charge of the mission station of St. John Berchmans, situated at the southern end of the reservation, near the agency of Arlee.

They continued to be occupied with the care of the Indians, until the spring of 1891, when Father Post was sent to Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho. At DeSmet, it was a period which marked the turning point of many lives intimately associated with the

history of those days. During the preceding year, on May 17, Father Judge had completed his Tertianship and departed for Alaska; Fathers Caruana, Cataldo, and Van Gorp, on Sept. 11, had secured a site for a Catholic Church in Tekoa; Father Joset, on September 28th, had celebrated his jubilee of fifty years of priesthood. Shortly before Father Post's arrival, on March 24, Father Mackin replaced Father Folchi as superior; on March 31, Father Barnum left DeSmet for his apostolate in Alaska; Father Morvillo was completing his Nez Perce Grammar. The Tertianship, which had opened, November 29, 1888, under Father Joset, was in its final year, and on March 30, the Novitiate opened with eleven novices, under Father Nicholas Cocchi, as novice-master.

Father Post arrived on April 9. He was appointed superior of the Juniors, of whom there were but two that year, and three the year following. He also taught rhetoric and was administrator of the house. In 1894, he made his Tertianship there, being the only Tertian under Father Cocchi.

In 1895, when Father George de la Motte was made superior, Father Post was appointed to the office of socius to the Master of Novices. Of the novices of that year, nine are still living. They are Fathers Joseph M. Piet, Geoffrey O'Shea, William H. Bennett, James M. Brogan, Nathaniel S. Purcell, Patrick J. O'Reilly, Edward Griva, Alphonsus Fletcher, and Charles Greenwood. Fathers George Kugler, Alphonsus Couffrant, Aegidius Boll and John Corbett had finished their noviceship several years earlier. Within the next four years, all of these former novices will have celebrated their golden jubilee.

Father Post was also active, at this period, in missionary work. He went on frequent sick calls at all hours of the day and night, sometimes on journeys lasting several days. We read that on August 21, 1893, he was called to assist Joseph Thoma who resided at St. Joe Lake. He returned five days later to go out im-

mediately on another sick call. He occasionally visited the Kootenai at Bonners Ferry, who then numbered about one hundred and seventy souls. For a great part of the time, he took care of the church at Tekoa, there being no resident pastor at Tekoa in those days.

On May 31, 1895, Father Post left DeSmet for St. Joseph Mission, Akularak, Alaska. As there was no harbor at Seattle, he had to travel overland to San Francisco, and embark from that port.

Concerning the frenzied search for gold, at that period in Alaska's history, he writes: "You can hardly imagine what trials and troubles and sufferings people bear here willingly if they are in some way sure that the end of their troubles may be the gain of some few thousand dollars worth of gold dust. May the Almighty, the Author of all the gold and all the riches of the world, grant them the grace not to neglect their duties as the children of our good and gracious God."

He remained at Akularak for four years. The last year there he was resident superior, replacing Father Parodi, who remained as his assistant. In 1899, when Father Rene replaced Father Tosi as superior of northern Alaska, he spent one year at Holy Cross, teaching in the school there and making missionary journeys to Akularak, where, perhaps due to the terrible plague then sweeping Alaska, the residence had been discontinued.

Writing about the plague, in a letter of August 12, 1901, he says: "I gathered the names of those carried off by the severe plague of the summer of 1900 and had to conclude that death made a harvest of about one third of our people . . . It seems that in some villages the people got so scared that they left the place altogether. The fact is that several villages have disappeared, that is, nobody is living there during winter time . . . I saw the nice warm log house of André in almost utter ruin. He and his wife were victims of last summer's plague. They died, far from their winter

home, near the seacoast where they were about to secure their supply of winter fish."

In 1900, he was stationed at St. Michael's Mission, an island in Norton Sound, at the mouth of the Yukon, Father Treca being his local superior.

While in Alaska, as in Idaho and Montana, he made many missionary trips, administering the sacraments of Baptism and Extreme Unction, catechizing the children and instructing the people. He took advantage to speak "about the Author and Master of our days here on earth, about God our Father and His infinite goodness."

On one occasion, he stopped at a house well crowded with people. "Seeing such a large number of people," he says, "I thought it all right to speak to those surrounding me about God, our Heavenly Father."

The head of the house told him: "We all here present belong to the Russian Church, and hence we ought not to like your preaching."

"Well," said Father Post, "the Russians too like well the word of God I wish to teach you."

"And," continues Father Post, "there being no longer any objection, I spoke to them about God our Father, the Creator of heaven and earth, about the Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ, who, in His infinite love for us, deigned to leave His throne of glory on high to come to earth, to suffer and die for us, to open to us once more the gates of heaven, if we really wish to obey His holy voice. If we refuse to listen to His words, if we wilfully neglect the Ten Commandments of God, we shall never enjoy that eternal possession of God for which we were created, but we shall be condemned to the eternal fire of hell."

He went on a fishing trip, June 16, 1899, leaving Holy Cross on the steamer St. Joseph. There were aboard, besides the crew, three priests, two brothers, nineteen boys, two sisters, and thirteen girls. It was far from being a picnic. This was a serious business of catching a supply of fish to provision them for the

long winter. Many hardships were experienced. Landing at the fishing camp on the Quislak, the steamer continued on busily searching the coast for the scarce but necessary firewood. Everyone worked, men, women and children, catching silver and king salmon, preparing, drying and salting it. Religious exercises, Mass, First Friday devotions, reception of the Sacraments, were all faithfully observed. The weather was often rainy and stormy, sometimes they worked until midnight, and many were sick. Father Post during his stay at the fishing camp, which adjoined a small village, baptized about seventeen children, and prepared five persons for a good death. Six thousand small fish, and 350 large or king salmon were caught.

During his stay in Alaska, Father Post had been writing an Innuit grammar, but this was not destined for completion. On August 12, 1901, he left Alaska, arriving at the scene of his early missionary labors, St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, on September 17, 1901. He took up once more his work with the Kalispels and especially the Kootenai Indians. He also had charge of the church at (Horse) Plains, Montana. He continued to attend the sick, catechize, administer the sacraments, preach to the Indians, and fulfill all those routine duties, seeming so commonplace, but still so necessary for human lives, and precious in the sight of heaven.

On May 30, 1905, Father Post left St. Ignatius Mission to return to DeSmet, where Father Caruana, the superior, having suffered several light strokes of apoplexy, was in need of an assistant.

The previous year, an extraordinary event was witnessed at DeSmet. On the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9, 1904, two bishops, Glorieux and O'Dea, arrived at the Mission. The Indians ordinarily receiving the bishop with great solemnity, attempted on this occasion a solemnity suitable for the reception of two bishops. Bishop O'Dea edified all by assisting the fathers in hearing confessions. At least one hun-

dred of the English-speaking population crowded to his confessional.

It was ten years, almost to the day, since Father Post had left DeSmet for Alaska. The novitiate no longer existed there, having been moved from the Mission in 1897; the last of the Juniors had departed on September 4 of that same year; Father Joset died June 19, 1900.

Father Joseph Caruana, who had been superior among the Coeur d'Alenes at several different times since 1865, was re-appointed in May 28, 1896. He was now unable to make long journeys and attend the sick calls, although he was still active at the Mission itself. One of the important offices he filled at this period was that of postmaster. Zealous for the welfare of his Indians, it is said that he rigorously censored all their mail. His golden jubilee of priesthood was celebrated on May 22, 1910. Fathers Taelman, Rockliff and Griva were among those present for the occasion. Father Diomedi was superior at this time, having come to replace Father Caruana in this position on August 4, 1908.

The day following Father Caruana's jubilee, Father Post left DeSmet to replace Father de la Motte at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, until the latter's return from Europe. During Father Post's absence, Father Herman Goller, Provincial of the new California province, visited Sacred Heart Mission, September 30, but due to extreme sickness was forced to return to Spokane where he died five days later. On Father Post's return, November 10, he received the news that Father D'Aste, his former superior at St. Ignatius, had died that same day.

Father Post continued to attend the sick calls, which were very numerous, and frequently entailed long journeys. He made his occasional visits to the Kootenai Indians as usual.

On June 30, 1919, he returned to St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, remaining there until November 16,

1920, when he came back to DeSmet, where he has been stationed up to this present time.

Twelve years of his missionary labors have been equally divided between Alaska and St. Ignatius Mission. The remaining thirty-eight years were spent at DeSmet, under the regime of Fathers Mackin, de la Motte, Caruana, Diomedi, Kugler, Farrell, and Sullivan. Reverend Cornelius E. Byrne is the present superior.

He has seen the old landmarks crumble away and new ones take their place, the Indian population dwindling as modern civilization encroached on their domain. He has witnessed the destruction of the missionaries' residence and the historic mission church.

No longer active as in former years, his sight, hearing and memory failing, he still continues to say his daily Mass, and with the aid of a strong lens recites the Indian prayers.

Fondly spoken of as "John" by the older people, for whose loved ones he has never hesitated to endure any hardship in order to bring them spiritual comfort, he remains at DeSmet as the one link between the missionaries of the present and the past. This patriarch of eighty-six years still continues, with all his waning strength, to tend his flock with loving care.

His eyes, grown dim from scanning the events of many busy years, now look forward to that heavenly country whither he would lead, through continued prayer and untiring devotedness, his most beloved children, the Coeur d'Alene Indians.

Two of Father Post's brothers are still living: Bernard, aged ninety, who lives in San Francisco, and Schengal, aged seventy-six, who lives in Luxemburg. A nephew, Rev. J. Peter Poos, is pastor at Canach, Luxemburg, and a niece, Sister Rose of the Religious of Christian Doctrine, is a superioress of a convent in Remich, Luxemburg. The Most Rev. John J. Swint, Bishop of Wheeling, West Virginia, was his cousin.

The following notes sent after Father Post's death

by Father Ryan give an insight into the unfailing courtesy, the strong conservatism, the great exactitude and the ceaseless prayerful spirit that characterized Father Post's life.

Remarkably faithful in answering letters, he went so far as to reply to advertisements, even when, as usually was the case, the answer was in the negative. He felt that courtesy demanded an answer.

A faithful adherent to old customs, when changing conditions or necessity called for a modification or omission of a custom, his invariable reply was: "It has never been done before."

He claimed the privilege of ringing the bells for rising, meditation, meals, examen, litanies, etc. and rung they were on the split second. The Angelus, by his regulation, was rung according to a fixed system, the observance of which he rigorously insisted upon. He always prepared the vestments for the morning Mass. By special permission, which he asked once a year, he rose at four o'clock every morning.

During the last twenty years, at least, much of his time was spent in his room, which adjoined the chapel. When he was not making the Stations of the Cross or reading the Office in the chapel, he was reading or praying in his room, very seldom sitting down, but standing at his desk. About five years ago he was excused from saying the Office, and this he accepted under holy obedience. He never missed an opportunity to hear an extra Mass. After saying his own Mass, he attended all the subsequent Masses, both on weekdays and Sundays.

Ripe in years and merit he has entered into the joy of the Lord.

R. I. P.

A. M. D. G.

VARIA

QUADRICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.—The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Confirmation of the Society was fittingly celebrated during 1940 with a seven point program.

The celebration opened on February 18th with the dedication to St. Ignatius of the third annual Alumni College, a series of lectures and discussions presented by members of the faculty and intended to assist Canisius graduates and their friends in keeping informed of major developments in subjects and fields of education. Four lectures were given each Sunday for four consecutive Sunday afternoons.

The *Azuwur*, year book of the senior class, had as its theme the commemoration of the anniversary. By means of pictorial representations the past and present in Jesuit education were linked together and artists' drawings and sketches depicted scenes in the past progress of the Society's system of education.

On Sunday afternoon, May 12, Canisius dedicated her recently completed Horan-O'Donnell Science Hall, new home of the Chemistry and Physics departments, before two thousand people: faculty, student body, alumni and friends of the college. The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Very Rev. Thomas F. Plassman, O.F.M., Ph.D., President of St. Bonaventure College: Very Rev. Joseph M. Noonan, C.M., S.T.D., President of Niagara College: and Rev. Michael J. Ahern, S.J., S.T.D., Head of the department of Geology, Weston College. The honorary degree of Doctor of Science was bestowed upon Amadeus William Grabau,

S.D., Dean of the Peiping Laboratory of Natural History and Professor of Paleontology at the National University at Peiping. The Most Rev. John A. Duffy, Bishop of Buffalo, presided and blessed the new building.

In the dedication ceremonies commemorative of the Confirmation of the Society Father Plassmann was the principal speaker. Excerpts from his address follow:

"Every department of ecclesiastical life and teaching bears witness to their (Jesuits') skill and scholarship as well as of their zeal and sanctity. They have enriched and enhanced our sanctuary with liturgical grace, our pulpits with rare eloquence, our professorial chairs with unexcelled erudition, our libraries with mountains of the best in literature, the rank and file of our Christian people, yea every Christian home, with new life and joy in life, the See of Peter with an impregnable bulwark.

"But what shall we answer the critics of the Society? Their name is legion. If a Jesuit champions the truth with irrefutable logic, he is accused of narrowness of mind; if he pleads for freedom where freedom rightly exists, he is charged with lawless liberalism. He is always wrong, because he has the courage of his conviction, and convictions are in disrepute in this age of fads and fluxes, in this age when every morning mail carries new systems and new programs which in the evening are doomed in the words Peter spoke to Saphira: 'Behold, the feet of them who have buried thy husband are at the door, and they shall carry thee out.' But, the Jesuit has learned to smile at such virulent attacks, fully conscious also that usually such censures were conceived of envy, deformed by mendacity, and brought to light by malicious propaganda."

Speaking of the training of the young as one of the aims of St. Ignatius when he founded the Society, Father Plassmann said: "Thanks to their vision and wisdom, Ignatius and his confrères well realized that the world of tomorrow rests in the hands of the youth

of today. Hence foremost in their apostolate stands the Education of Youth. Well done, for in the present haze and maze of educational curricula and problems the "Ratio Studiorum" of 1599 stands forth as a tower of strength in a beleaguered city, as a refreshing oasis in the wilderness. There is soundness in every sentence, conviction in every line. What is ancient is not confused with the antiquated; nor the old with the obsolete; nor the time-tested with the time-trite."

Speaking of the *Ratio,* Father Plassmann said: "It evaluates man in his entirety and penetrates to the innermost core of his being and destiny. Do you want our youth to be trained in true equality, in liberty, fraternity, in the spirit of democracy unfeigned? Here you will find all, and here alone. For if democracy is merely a vague ideology, it flutters lightly in the wind of wilful propaganda. Democracy is a truth, an unshakeable structure resting on the firm framework of human dignity, and the foundation thereof—the only foundation—is man's likeness to God."

The summer edition of the *Canisius Quarterly,* literary magazine of the college, issued early in June, was dedicated to the Commemoration of the Society. Among the contributions were: "St. Peter Canisius—Doctor of the Church", the life story of the zealous Jesuit for whom our college is named; "Breath of Life," a one-act play dealing with the trials of the early Jesuit missionaries in North America; "Blessed Robert Southwell", the story of the famed priest, poet and martyr; "Sketch of Our Career", a history of Jesuit education in Buffalo and the growth of Canisius College; "Jesuits in Science", a treatise on the works and achievements of famous Jesuits in the world of science; "Gerard Manley Hopkins", a discussion of the works of this Jesuit poet; "The Sun Shone Red at Tyburn", the story of Edmund Campion; and "The End Justifies the Meanness", an editorial discussion of the attacks that have been levelled against the Society throughout the years.

On Sunday afternoon, June 9, Canisius held its seventieth commencement. The theme of the exercises was the commemoration of the anniversary of the Society. Father O'Malley, President of the college, conferred Bachelors' and Masters' degrees on the graduates and granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws to the Honorable Clare Gerald Fenerty, Judge of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas. The principal address was given by Judge Fenerty.

On September 27th the college opened its seventy-first year when the Convocation Mass of the Holy Ghost was said in St. Vincent's Church. Solemnized on the actual day of the Society's quadricentennial anniversary, Father Fay, S.J., Professor of History, drawing his examples from the history of the Society, urged his student audience to "strive ever onward with a bed rock, unwavering, unflinching sense of duty, and, above all, a sense of holiness."

Father William J. Schlaerth, S.J., Regent of the Graduate School, addressed the members of the Canisian Society, parents' organization of the college, at their October meeting and delivered a talk, "A Jesuit Te Deum", so eloquent and so well received that it has been twice printed: in the Fall edition of the Canisius *Quarterly* and subsequently in pamphlet form for distribution to the members of the Canisian Society and other interested friends.

Fordham University.—A joint session of the American Historical Association and the American Catholic Historical Association was held on Sunday, December 29, at Fordham University in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of the Society of Jesus. The Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, presided and Father Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., was chairman. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Raymond Corrigan, S.J., of St. Louis University, on "The Jesuits and Liberalism a Century Ago" and Dr. Ray A. Billing-

ton of Smith College, on "Organized Anti-Catholicism in the U. S.—1830-1860".

Among the many speakers at the regular meetings of the American Catholic Historical Association were: Rev. Martin P. Harney, S.J., Professor of History, Boston College, "Jesuit Writers of History"; Rev. Demetrius Zema, S.J., Professor of Medieval History at Fordham University, "Economic Phases of the Gregorian Reform in the Eleventh Century"; and Dr. Martin R. P. McGuire, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of the Catholic University, "Jesuit Contributions to Patristic Scholarship in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries".

Loyola College, Baltimore.—Loyola brought to a close its celebration of the fourth centenary of the founding of the Society of Jesus with an academic convocation at which twenty-seven other universities and colleges were represented. On this occasion honorary degrees of doctor of laws were conferred on The Most Reverend Peter Leo Ireton, Coadjutor Bishop of Richmond; Dr. John Miller Turpin Finney, emeritus professor of surgery of Johns Hopkins University; and Richard Contee Rose, Baltimore attorney.

As spokesman for the recipient of the degrees Dr. Finney said: "At a time like this, when the world is so divided along so many lines, when war with its attendant horrors is so widespread any agency directed toward strengthening the ties of friendship and mutual understanding by bringing races and creeds together should be encouraged. It will be our constant endeavor at all times, by words and deeds, so far as in us lies, to bring credit to this great institution of learning that has so signally honored us and to do our part to hasten the return to this distraught world of the reign of the Prince of Peace, whose name and teachings this Society of Jesus for the 400 years past has done so much to encourage and perpetuate".

The Rev. W. Edmund Fitzgerald, S.J., director of Jesuit graduate studies at Boston College, the principal speaker, gave an address on "Humanism in Jesuit Education".

Other events to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary were: Three feature articles with illustrations in the Sunday editions of *The Baltimore Sun* and *The Baltimore News-Post*, broadcasts over the principal stations in Baltimore, an exhibition of books about the Society in the show windows of the Enoch Pratt Public Library, displays in the show windows of the four leading department stores of Baltimore, and four performances of "Cenodoxus", the seventeenth century spectacle drama, written by Father James Bidermann, S.J., in 1609, and translated by Father Richard F. Grady, S.J., of the Loyola faculty.

"Cenodoxus—the Master of Paris" created city-wide interest. *The Baltimore News-Post* conducted a prize Poster Contest and donated a silver loving cup which was presented to the winner by the Governor of the State, Herbert O'Conor. The cast numbered 125 members. Mr. Philip Houston of New York took the leading role and other actors well known for their interpretation supported Mr. Houston and the Loyola players. A unique setting and design were prepared by Mr. Francis H. Jencks, one of the best architects in Baltimore. The original costumes designed for the production were made by A. T. Jones and Son. Mr. Wolfgang Martin, director of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra was the adviser on music. (Cf. "Cenodoxus Redivivus", Vol. LXIX, No. 2, Woodstock Letters).

Xavier University.—The joint commemoration of the quadricentenary of the Society and the centenary of the Jesuits in Cincinnati was inaugurated on Sunday, Sept. 22, 1940, at the Alumni Mass in St. Francis Xavier Church. The 1200 persons there gathered listened to an inspiring sermon on St. Ignatius delivered

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. (We hope to publish the monsignor's sermon in the next issue of the Letters).

After the Mass, members of the hierarchy, representatives of the clergy, both secular and religious, and more than forty representatives of the alumni and alumnae, together with the three Jesuit communities in Cincinnati, sat down to breakfast in the St. Xavier High School dining hall. The Most Rev. Francis J. L. Beckman, Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa, a former Cincinnatian, gave an informal address on "Religion, the First Line of Defense," in which His Excellency paid tribute to the Jesuit Order for their work in the world, and especially in Cincinnati. Recounting the work of the Jesuits in their 100 years activity in the fields of religion, education and care for humankind, he observed that "despite what we would do or would like to do there is nothing that can repay the members of the order for their century of service in this community." "The backbone of our citizenry," he said, "comes from the teaching and work of the Jesuit Fathers".

Mr. Eugene A. O'Shaughnesy, class of 1912, Laurenceburg, Indiana, president of the Xavier University Alumni Association, speaking for the Alumni, extended their "sincere felicitations to the Society of Jesus for their work here during the past 100 years and throughout the world for four centuries".

Public Religious Celebration

On Sunday, Sept. 29, the public religious commemoration: a Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated by The Most Rev. George J. Rehring, Auxiliary Bishop of Cincinnati, at which 7,000 persons were present, was held in Xavier University Memorial Fieldhouse. His Excellency John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati preached the sermon. (The Archbishop's sermon is given in full elsewhere in this number).

Civic Celebration

At the Civic Testimonial Dinner, held on Sunday, Nov. 24, in the Hotel Netherland Plaza, 1,400 persons attended. His Excellency the Archbishop and the Hon. James A. Farley, Postmaster General for the first two terms in the Cabinet of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, gave addresses, which were afterwards printed: the Archbishop's in the diocesan paper, *The Catholic Telegraph-Register*, and Mr. Farley's in the *Congressional Record* of Dec. 2.

The following are excerpts from the address of His Excellency, Archbishop McNicholas:

Archbishop McNicholas' Address

"All who have grave responsibilities in these days are concerned seriously about the future. We can judge the Jesuits of the future only by the past and the present. Their past has been glorious; their present-day achievements are the most outstanding in the Church. If we consider only the future of the Society as it is confined to the limits of this diocese, we have the consoling assurance of their intellectual and spiritual leadership. In these days of fabulous expenditures for defense measures, for the ever-increasing services which we demand of city, state, and national government; for the security of old age, and for insurance against unemployment, we must remember that we shall make increasing demands on the Jesuit Fathers. We cannot lay too much stress on the simple fact that in a material way the fathers of the Society have only the resources that we put into their hands . . . The charge that the Jesuits are rich is too absurd to be refuted. Let me assure all that their real financial concern in this diocese is, by some emergency measure, to care for their serious annual deficits, which are due to their educational work . . .

I am especially interested in the movement of total education today. Since we accuse the Jesuits of so

many things of which they are not only innocent but of which they have never dreamed, let us accuse them tonight of being totalitarians in education. I so accuse them in a good sense. One is a good totalitarian in education when one insists that all the faculties or powers of mind be harmoniously educated. One is a bad totalitarian in education when one demands that for freedom of education there be submitted an educational monopoly controlled by the state.

The Jesuits recognize the family as the natural educator of the child. The individual, the parents, the family have inalienable and imprescriptible rights. Both state and Church have the duty of helping to safeguard these rights. Neither civil nor religious authorities can abrogate them or declare them annulled, unless in exceptional cases where the state, as the custodian of the common welfare, assumes the responsibility of discharging duties which the parents of the family cannot discharge. The American way, up to the present time, has been to keep the control of education near the family. The wrong-minded totalitarian in education does not admit the practical supremacy of parents in the education of their children . . . We hail the Jesuit Fathers also as champions of freedom in education. The death knell of American democracy is sounded when we become state totalitarians in education by accepting monopoly of education, when we usurp parents' rights, when, in a word, we destroy freedom of education.

I am here tonight in the interest of Jesuit education. I am happy that as a boy it was my privilege to attend a Jesuit college."

(Closing his address His Excellency went on to make the same fervent plea for practical support of Xavier University he made in his pastoral letter printed below).

Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio.—The cordial and constructive participation of His Excellency, the

Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, in the quadricentennial celebration of the founding of the Society and the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Society in the city of Cincinnati, is manifest in the following letter:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE

5418 MOELLER AVENUE

NORWOOD, OHIO

November 11, 1940

To the Priests, Fraternal Societies, and Laity of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati:

The Jesuit Fathers are this year observing the four hundredth anniversary of the founding of their Society and the one hundredth anniversary of their establishment in the city of Cincinnati.

Every year of these four centuries has been crowded with apostolic labors for souls. Myriads of scholarly activities during the same period have been directed by the Fathers of the Society.

St. Xavier College and Xavier University during one hundred years have trained the Catholic laity and many members of the diocesan clergy. Whatever leadership we have had among the laymen of our See City has been due almost entirely to the Jesuit Fathers. We are appalled if we think of what the history of the past hundred years of the Archdiocese would have been without the priestly and scholarly labors of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The need of Catholic lay leadership in the world and in the Archdiocese is greater than ever before. We can hope for no real leadership among our young men if they be not given the advantage of a college education. We have thousands of talented young men in the Archdiocese whose families are too poor to send them to college.

If our young men are not educated in a Catholic

college there is practically no hope that they will acquire a Catholic mentality. Their philosophy of life, which should include their eternal destiny and their appraisal of things, which should take account of eternal values, will make them see through glasses that are not in focus.

Xavier University is equipped to educate twice its present number of students. We have many poor but talented youths eager for a college education and willing to work hard during their school years. We need generous persons to give such young men the opportunity they crave.

The sum of $5000 will establish a scholarship. I hereby assure the Fathers of Xavier University that I will establish "The Fenwick Scholarship" in memory of the first Bishop of this diocese, who desired so eagerly to bring the Jesuit Fathers to Cincinnati. I hope others, either as individuals or as groups, will establish three other scholarships in memory of Archbishops Purcell, Elder, and Moeller.

I hope that some individuals or units, such as our parishes and societies, will promise to see one young man through college. The tuition—$150 a year for day students—will amount to $600 for the four college years. I venture to hope that in the Archdiocese four hundred units will be found willing to contribute $150 each. This sum will take care of one hundred students during four years.

I appeal to all parishes, to all societies, to all friends of Xavier University and of the Jesuit Fathers, to be as generous as their means permit to their University, for such it is, on the occasion of the double Jubilee we are observing in Cincinnati.

Faithfully yours in Christ,
JOHN T. MCNICHOLAS,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.—On September 27th Loyola University commemorated the Quadricenten-

nial Anniversary of the Confirmation of the Society with a Solemn High Mass at St. Ignatius Church. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. T. V. Shannon, LL.D., pastor of St. Thomas Apostle Church, delivered a sermon on "Jesuits Through Four Hundred Years".

Monsignor Shannon said in part: "Who could conjecture that the patient with the crushed body, lying in the hospital at Pampeluna would become one of the greatest figures in the history of the Church, one, indeed, who would succeed in turning the whole course of history, sacred and profane . . . He must erect a barrier against these onslaughts; he must recapture lost nations; an army, not a man, was needed for this heroic work. So came into being the Company of Jesus . . . Evidence piled up on every side throughout Europe, from friend and foe, that a force had come into existence not known before. Alas, too often, friend and foe opposed it. It baffled, outdistanced and outfought them all.....

"And so in our own day. I think St. Ignatius would have as little difficulty in knowing his sons were he to return here, as St. Paul would have to recognize the Church which he explained, defended and died for."

On December 21st a whole page of the *Chicago Daily News,* photogravure section, was given over to pictures of St. Ignatius, the Confirmation by Paul III, the North American Martyrs, St. Francis Xavier, etc.

West Baden College, Indiana.—On September 27 the community together with a large representation from the clergy of the Indianapolis diocese celebrated the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Final Approval of the Society of Jesus by Pope Paul III.

The day of rejoicing and thanksgiving was appropriately and solemnly opened with a Pontifical High Mass. The officers of the Mass were: Celebrant, His Excellency, The Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Bishop of Indianapolis; Archpriest, Rev. Father Rector; Deacons of Honor, Very Rev. Basil Heusler, O.S.B., Dean of the

Jasper Deanary, and Very Rev. Albert Lois, O.M.C., Rector of St. Francis Pro-Seminary, Mt. St. Francis, Indiana; Deacon of the Mass, Father Healy, Dean of the Theologate, West Baden; Sub-deacon, Father Dollard, Dean of the Philosophate, West Baden; Masters of Ceremonies, Rev. Henry Hermann, the Cathedral, Indianapolis, and Father Lommer, Professor of Philosophy, West Baden. The Rt. Rev. Ignatius Essor, O.S.B., Abbot of St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana, delivered an inspiring sermon on the aim and work of the Society during the past four hundred years. Assisting at the Mass were five religious of the Order of St. Benedict and nineteen secular priests, among them the Rt. Rev. Msgr. William F. Jochum, R.D., New Albany; Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Becher, R.D., Vincennes; and Very Rev. Stephen Thuis, O.S.B., Rector of the Minor Seminary, St. Meinrad.

The visiting clergy were guests of the community at dinner, after which a brief but impressive program of Latin, Greek and English poems and vocal selections was given. After Rev. Father Rector gave thanks to the visiting clergy for their participation in the Quadricentennial Celebration, His Excellency the Bishop concluded the exercises with a touching talk on the work of the Society, especially in his own diocese.

New Orleans, Louisiana.—The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the Society of Jesus was commemorated by the Jesuits of New Orleans during the three days, December 7 to 9. Their Excellencies the Bishops, religious and secular clergy, alumni and alumnae together with the present students of Loyola University and Jesuit High School, and the many friends of the Fathers in New Orleans, joined with the Sons of Ignatius in offering up their prayer of thanksgiving.

On Saturday, Dec. 7, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a Solemn Pontifical Mass for the Clergy and Religious was sung by His Excellency the Most Reverend Daniel F. Desmond, D.D., Bishop of Alexan-

dria, La. The other officers of the Mass were as follows: Assistant Priest, Very Rev. Michael J. Larkin, S.M., Ph.D.; Deacons of Honor, Very Rev. Maurice H. Dowd, C.M., and Very Rev. Joseph Burke, C.S.C.; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. James J. Furlong; Sub-Deacon of the Mass, Rev. Harrison Martin; Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Joseph V. Sommers, S.J., and Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Elmo Rogero, S.J. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Frank Kilday, O.M.I.

After the Mass the Quadricentennial Banquet for the clergy was held in the Roosevelt Hotel.

On Sunday, Dec. 8, in the Church of the Holy Name Jesus, His Excellency the Most Reverend Joseph Francis Rummel, S.T.D., Archbishop of New Orleans, pontificated at a Solemn Mass for the Alumni and Alumnae of the New Orleans Jesuit Schools. Very Rev. Gregory Scholtz, O.P., was the Assistant Priest; Very Rev. Alcuin Kammer, O.F.M., and Very Rev. Carl Schappert, S.S.J., the Deacons of Honor; Rev. Armand Kerlec, the Deacon of the Mass; Rev. Anthony Wegmann, the Sub-Deacon of the Mass; Very Rev. Carroll Badeaux, the Master of Ceremonies; and Rev. Thomas Atherton, S.J., and Rev. William Coyle, S.J., the Assistant Masters of Ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven gave the sermon.

In the afternoon, from 3:00 to 5:00, a General Reception by the Fathers for their many friends took place in Marquette Hall of Loyola University.

On Monday, Dec. 9, in the Church of the Holy Name Jesus, the students of Loyola University and Jesuit High School gathered for a solemn Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving offered by His Excellency the Most Reverend Jules B. Jeanmard, D.D., Bishop of Lafayette, Louisiana. The officers of the Mass were: Assistant Priest, Very Rev. William Reintjes, C.SS.R.; Deacons of Honor, Very Rev. Anselm Maenner, O.S.B., and Very Rev. Anthony Hackett, C.S.Sp.; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. Robert Stahl, S.M.; Sub-Deacon of the Mass,

Rev. Henry Neubig; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. Eugene O'Connor, S.J., and Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Rev. James Carroll, S.J. Rev. William Miller, C.SS.R., preached the sermon.

The Loyola University paper, *The Loyola Maroon*, similar in format to the daily newspapers, on Dec. 6, issued a four page supplement, recounting the story of the Society, especially in Louisiana.

Editorial, New Orleans Item

The Quadricentenary

"We congratulate the Society of Jesus on its fourth centennial. Four centuries is not very long in the life of the Catholic Church. But we don't doubt that others will be congratulating the sons of Loyola 600 years hence on attaining their thousandth anniversary. There is a toughness and vitality in their organization that promises them survival as long as their Church itself shall last.

"A number of other Catholic congregations are much more than 400 years old. A number of these have been renowned for their contributions to religion, learning and charity; for their missionary zeal and for good blows struck for Civilization. But we doubt if any of them have maintained so steadily for so long the spirit and method of their long-dead founders.

"In our place and time, most of us probably think of the Jesuits mainly as teachers and occasionally as pastors of secular churches. The more studious know that this is no measure of them. They have been, in different times and places, about everything that their Church then and there needed most. Nearly all schoolboys know that 'The Black Gowns' were among the foremost explorers, pioneers, missionaries, and martyrs who opened the American wilderness to European settlement. But they have also been doing the same sort of work in all other wilds, throughout all their years. And they have at the same

time fought for their Faith by all devices of scholarship and science in the troublous bosom of the old civilization of Europe.

"The crippled Spanish soldier who was their founder and first General was preeminently a man of Action. The Church was badly beset at the time his vision came to him. He set out to do something about it, in addition to praying. He schooled his Company in that ideal. Its members became Soldiers too.

"Ignatius and his successors drilled and disciplined them for Action. As men of action they prepared themselves for service in the arts of secular life as well as for their cloisters, churches and pulpits. They became a singularly versatile lot. We think their versatility is one of their most remarkable qualities.

"But except for the occasional lapses here and there which are characteristic of all human nature, they remained soldiers throughout. Their learning, piety and zeal were strengthened by order and discipline. If a simple, devout man were needed for a pilgrimage, or a scholar wanted for dispute, or a manager for business enterprise, or an astronomer, sailor, woodsman, teacher, counsellor, or courtier, the Society could almost always fill the bill.

"To some extent because of their efficiency as well as their aggressiveness, they roused strong enmities outside the Church and jealousies within it. They have been hated and feared as well as loved and venerated. They have been expelled from numerous countries usually only to find their way back on as good a basis or better. And here they are at the end of their fourth centennium, more flourishing perhaps than at some previous stages of their long march—still soldiers as before.

"Still they are men of the world as well as of the cloister, workers as well as teachers and preachers. They have held rigorously to their system of education for themselves and their pupils, and developed a dialectic at which they are exceptionally strong. As school-

men they have stood fast on old truths with a power that causes non-Catholics frequently to send their children to Jesuit schools. For they have also kept abreast with new knowledge.

"Pope Pius salutes the Society of Jesus as one that 'has dedicated itself with all its forces to the defense of the integrity of the Catholic Faith.'

"No enlightened and liberal citizen of the world, nor any educated skeptic, to whom that Faith may be alien, will fail to recognize in the Society an order of men distinguished by intellectual and spiritual qualities worthy of the admiration of friend and foe alike."

Shreveport, Louisiana.—The four hundredth anniversary of the Society of Jesus was celebrated at St. John's High School, Shreveport, La., on December 10, 1940. Joining the faculty and student body in the ceremonies were the girls, faculty and Sisters of St. Vincent's Academy, the Sisters of Schumpert Sanatorium, a large number of the neighboring clergy, together with Rev. David R. Druhan, S.J., Rector of the Jesuit Novitiate at Grand Coteau, La., Rev. Aloysius B. Goodspeed, S.J., Socius of the New Orleans Province, and Most Reverend Daniel F. Desmond, D.D., Bishop of Alexandria, La.

The ceremonies began at 9:45 a. m. with a long procession in front of the newly completed school building and proceeded to St. John's Church, where a Solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Desmond with Rev. Aloysius B. Goodspeed, S.J. as Archpriest; Rev. Joseph H. Cronenberger, C.S.Sp., and Rev. John J. Druhan, S.J., Deacons of Honor; Rev. Milburn J. Broussard, Deacon; Rev. Harold A. Guadin, S.J., Sub-Deacon: and Rev. Roy J. Aycock and Rev. Stanley Douville, S.J., Masters of Ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by Rev. John C. Cooney, Pastor of Washington, La. In a glowing tribute to the Society, he said in part: "There is music, there is

melody in the hearts of the sons of St. Ignatius the world over today as they look back over 400 years of unselfish service in every field of religious and educational endeavor . . . We rejoice today with the fathers of the Society of Jesus in their hour of gladness, but of particular interest is their work in our own beloved country and especially in our own fair state of Louisiana. To the Society goes the supreme honor of giving America its first canonized saints and martyrs. . . The coming of the Jesuit fathers to Louisiana was not without its vexations and crosses. They were banished from the land because trickery, treachery, intrigue, jealousy, not to mention stupidity, played a part, each in its due time. . . . They have gone on the hardest and most trying missions, proud to die for God and the welfare of society, trying to live up to the maxims they have heard so often, 'Love to be unknown and to be reputed as nothing'."

As a conclusion to the celebration, a concert was presented by St. John's Band and a play by St. John's Dramatic Club at the State Exhibit building. Rev. L. M. O'Neill, S.J., president of the High School, gave the principal address.

Boston, Catholic Alumni Sodality.—The Four Hundredth Anniversary Commemorative Exercises were held at the Copley-Plaza Hotel by the Catholic Alumni Sodality on Sunday, November 17, 1940. An audience, numbering 1800 and composed of members and guests, made the occasion memorable. His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, added his tribute to the Society in the closing address. Other speakers were United States Senator, David I. Walsh, Dr. Charles D. Maginnis, eminent architect, Mr. Walter Downey, State Commissioner of Education, and Father James F. Mellyn, S.J., spiritual director of the Sodality. (The addresses of Dr. Maginnis and Mr. Downey are given elsewhere in this issue.)

The Honorable Thomas F. Quinn, president of the Sodality, in his address of welcome said:

"Representatives of more than sixty colleges and universities gather monthly in the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Boston. Amongst our number you will find from greater Boston a large percentage of the Catholic laity who are leaders in literature, the law, medicine, the technical sciences, in fact, from every business and professional activity—all united in a common and special devotion to the Mother of God. The Church of the Immaculate Conception and every facility of Boston College High School, including both the chapel and the gymnasium, are made available to us for the renewal of our friendly greetings, for our common devotions, and for our guidance and inspiration. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus have encouraged us to hold that this Sodality reflects in this community commendable Catholic action. The members of the Sodality—and I dare say the families and friends of our members—are indebted eternally to the Society of Jesus for their teaching, their example and their prayers. Continuously, we have been beneficiaries of their wealth of scholarship.

"This commemorative meeting sponsored by the Sodality is but one effort on our part to indicate our appreciation and our affection for every individual Father who has sought to aid us on our way, and beyond that our debt to the great Society of Ignatius, accorded worthy to suffer reproach."

His Eminence the Cardinal said in part:

". . . even the enemies of the Jesuits—and there are a few left in the world—realize that they have always been leaders in the field of education. And I mean real leaders, not imitators, not followers, but real leaders of a profound and genuine education. They have stuck firmly to the ideal which came to them, of clinging to what we call the humanities and the straight philosophy of the Church which is, of course, the Platonic and Aristotelian, sanctified by St. Thomas.

"We know, of course, the story of the progress of the Jesuit Order through the centuries. Imagine four hundred years of educational effort! That ought to civilize the whole world, shouldn't it? It would have

done so if men would only listen to it with open minds and honest hearts. . . .

"I do not say this with any sense of vanity, but I am very happy and proud to say that I founded the Catholic University of Tokyo, and there it is today under the charge of the Jesuits because I insisted upon that. In Rome I told them, of course, that this university had to be a permanent thing, that it could not be something that was teaching today and leaving tomorrow. It had to be put in the hands of an educational order who would stick and see the way through. The Holy Father quite agreed."

Weston College.—A Public Act in the whole of theology was scheduled for September 27-28 in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Society. Eight objectors from the various religious orders and the secular seminaries were invited. Even the program was printed. But sickness prevented Father Maurice A. Whelton, who was to be the defendant, from going through with the act.

A solemn triduum of thanksgiving was held in the chapel.

Rev. Father Rector, Robert A. Hewitt, S.J., gave a broadcast on the Yankee network, Sept. 29, on "The Quadricentennial of the Society of Jesus".

Alma College, Alma, California.—A Novena of Thanksgiving in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Society took place Sept. 18-26. On Sept. 27 a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was sung.

Special issues of the *Western Jesuit* for the whole year commemorating the event were published.

Loyola University, Los Angeles.—Rev. Fr. Rector, Charles A. McQuillan, S.J., gave an address to the Knights of Columbus on "The Jesuits and War", stressing the fact that the Society is a militant organization.

Los Gatos, California.—On Sept. 27, a Solemn High

Mass was offered up in thanksgiving. During the Christmas holidays there was a special program in honor of the quadricentenary.

San Francisco University.—The Winter Number of the *San Francisco Quarterly,* containing a number of articles on the Society, was dedicated to the commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Society.

Father Peter Dunne's *Pioneer Black Robes on the West Coast* was published for the same occasion.

Santa Barbara, California.—Father Daniel Bassett gave a radio talk on the quadricentenary of the Society.

Santa Clara University.—The University's monthly, *The Owl,* was devoted to the quadricentennial celebration. It contained articles on "The Ratio Studiorum", "The Jesuit Systematization of Education" and "The Ratio Among Primitives".

Another event celebrating the four hundredth anniversary will be the production of the play, "Cenodoxus", written by Father Bidermann in 1609.

ALUMNI SODALITIES—400th ANNIVERSARY

The Alumni Sodalities of the fifty-seven universities, colleges and high schools conducted by Ours in the United States will hold simultaneous Communion Breakfasts on Sunday, March 23, to commemorate the quadricentenary of the Society. Plans are being made to broadcast the event over a coast-to-coast network.

Seventy-five thousand members are expected to take part, the principal ceremonies being held in the key cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Buffalo, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Omaha, Denver, Mobile, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, Spokane and Los Angeles.

BRAZIL

The Federal Government of Brazil issued a decree by which it associated itself with the celebration of the fourth centenary of the foundation of the Society of Jesus. According to the *Osservatore Romano* of October 26th, the decree laid down that all the celebrations held throughout Brazil were to be classed as national celebrations. In the preamble to the decree, it is stated that history recognizes that the Society's work for Brazil constitutes one of the most important bases of the national civilization of the country. Brazil, which is bigger than the whole United States (excluding Alaska), was discovered by the Portuguese in 1500. Shortly after their foundation by St. Ignatius, the Jesuits, about 1550, undertook the first Catholic missions there and they were mainly responsible for the country's conversion. Up to 1822, Brazil was part of the Portuguese Empire, but in that year it became an independent nation, with the son of the Portuguese king as the first Emperor. In 1891 a revolution established a Republic. President Vargas, who has been Dictator of Brazil since 1930, is organizing it on the lines of the Corporative State. The new constitution of 1934 restored the Catholic Church to the position of privilege it enjoyed up to the establishment of the Republic in 1891. There is also a representation of the State at the Vatican. The population has increased more than threefold in the past fifty or sixty years and now exceeds 46,000,000. Practically all are Catholics. Secular priests number 4,200 and there are 7,000 men and women religious.

CANADA

Quebec, Canada.—A Solemn "Te Deum" of thanksgiving to mark the fourth centenary of the founding of the Society of Jesus was sung on Dec. 22nd in all the churches of the Quebec Province. A pastoral letter extolling the Jesuits for their work was issued over the

signatures of His Eminence Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, the 17 bishops of Quebec, and three Bishops of Ontario.

COLOMBIA

On the occasion of the fourth centenary of the founding of the Society of Jesus, the House of Representatives of the Republic of Colombia passed a resolution offering its congratulations to the members of the Society, "Whose work for Christian principles has shown it always in the vanguard of the Church", and declares that "its devotion and care in the education of youth has made it merit well of the Republic."

JUGOSLAVIA

Zagreb, Croatia.—The Fourth Centenary of the Society was observed in the Cathedral, with Archbishop Olois Stepinac of Zagreb presiding. The Croatian Catholic daily, *Hrvatska Straza*, took the occasion to pay tribute to the work of the Society in the fields of education and literature in Croatia.

American Assistancy

JUBILARIANS

MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE

Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee

Fr. Joseph M. Renaud.....Aug. 30

Diamond Jubilee

Fr. Henry J. Nelles.....Sept. 30

Golden Jubilee

Br. George Sandheinrich.....Apr. 4
Fr. Francis R. Donovan.....Aug. 14
Fr. Joseph P. O'Reilly.....Aug. 14
Fr. Gustave A. Reinsch.....Sept. 1
Fr. Francis H. Kreis.....Sept. 7
Fr. James F. McDermott.....Oct. 27

MISSOURI AND CHICAGO PROVINCES

Seventy-year Jubilee

Fr. Ferdinand A. Moeller.....Aug. 10

Diamond Jubilee

Br. Joseph Amiano.....May 25
Fr. John J. Sennhauser.....July 1
Fr. Bernard J. Otting.....July 22
Fr. Francis S. Betten.....Sept. 30
Fr. John J. Brown.....Nov. 13

Golden Jubilee

Fr. John B. Furay.....Mar. 31
Fr. Charles N. Kremer.....Apr. 6
Fr. Anthony F. Geyser.....Apr. 7
Fr. James A. Kleist.....Apr. 8
Fr. F. George Dinneen.....May 17
Br. Anthony Axt.....May 20
Fr. Albert Muntsch.....July 16
Fr. Francis X. Breen.....July 27
Fr. Paul M. Breen.....July 27
Fr. Joseph M. Millet.....Aug. 6
Fr. John F. McCormick.....Aug. 10
Fr. Ignatius B. Kircher.....Aug. 11
Fr. Victor Bielecki.....Aug. 13
Fr. Joseph C. Husslein.....Aug. 14
Fr. Robert S. Johnston.....Aug. 14
Fr. Theodore A. Schutte.....Aug. 31
Fr. Joseph Haas.....Sept. 1
Fr. John M. Lyons.....Sept. 1
Fr. Francis X. Nebrich.....Sept. 1
Fr. James Paulus.....Sept. 1
Fr. Eugene Rudge.....Sept. 1
Fr. Bernard F. Abeling.....Sept. 8

COMMUNICATION

To the Editor of the Woodstock Letters:

I have been requested by our Fathers in Alaska to make a correction in regard to the article in the *Wood-*

stock Letters for June, 1940, under the title "Jesuit Missions, A Conspectus of Four Hundred Years" by Arthur A. Weiss, S.J. I merely do this because they think that the true history of their Mission should be kept on record, and not to detract any from the article or the Province there mentioned.

On page 154 it says: "The Italian Jesuits of the California Mission began work in the difficult Mission of Alaska—1886". As the Fathers who were first sent to the Alaska Mission were from the Rocky Mountain Mission, this statement is not correct. The proof of this is as follows:

1) In a letter from Father Cataldo, dated January 13, 1925, kept in the files at Nulato, Alaska, we read the following: "When I gave him (Archbishop Seghers) Fathers Tosi and Robaut (it was only for a visit; I had no power to open another Mission), I was blamed by everybody, especially by the secular clergy of Oregon, etc." Father Cataldo was then Superior of the Rocky Mountains Mission, namely at the time Fathers Tosi and Robaut were sent to Alaska.

2) "Alaska appears for the first time in the Turin Catalogue of 1888. It is there included under the Mission of the Rocky Mountains, for in summing up the numbers of the Rocky Mountain Mission, the men of Alaska are included." This quotation is taken from Father Jette.

3) It may also be more correct to say that the Alaska Mission was not started until 1887. For Fathers Tosi and Robaut went to Alaska and founded the Mission of St. Claver at Nulato, Alaska, in that year. In 1886 they were on their way to Alaska. This is according to the records at Nulato, Alaska, but it may be a too strict interpretation, yet more correct historically.

(Rev.) John F. Dougherty, S.J.,
Soc. Prov. Oreg.

[The author of the article in question is most grateful for the above correction, based as it is on original

sources and unavailable to the authorities whom he consulted, viz.: Fr. Bernard Arens in his *Jesuitenorden und Weltmission* (p. 26) and Fr. Ludwig Koch in his *Jesuiten-Lexikon* (p. 31).]

Durham, N. C.—On December 30, 1940, the Society acquired by purchase fourteen acres within the city limits of Durham. Father John Risacher, who has charge of the colored mission in the city, hopes to be able to build a church for his little flock in the not too distant future. The eastern line of the property is on Alston Avenue. The western boundary adjoins North Carolina College for Negroes. The northern boundary will also border on the College grounds if the coming legislature appropriates enough to enable the educational authorities to take up their option on the adjoining property.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

President Roosevelt Visits Fordham.—His Excellency Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of The United States, visited the University on Monday, Oct. 28, in response to a longstanding invitation. As the Chief Executive's car came to a stop on the University's grounds, he was greeted by His Excellency Francis J. Spellman, D.D., Archbishop of New York, and by Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., President of the University. A crowd of over 10,000 enthusiastically welcomed the honored guest.

The President reviewed the 525 young men of the University's R.O.T.C. Coast Artillery Unit, which last year was elevated to the status of a regiment. Addressing the R.O.T.C. trainees in front of Keating Hall, he said in part: "Your Excellency the Archbishop, my friend, the rector, an old alumnus of yours is back for the first time in a great many years, back again, very proud and happy to have the opportunity of reviewing the battalion . . . I am proud of your record of fifty years. I am glad to see you today and I am especially

happy to be here on this glorious day in October, this day at the beginning of your centenary".

In his address of welcome Father Gannon called attention to the significance of the occasion in these words: "Today he (the President) comes as Our Chief Executive, Commander of the Army and the Navy, chief depository of the great authority which God gave the American people and which in turn the American people have given to the Federal Government. No wonder, then, that our faculty, students and alumni, regardless of political creed, feel profoundly moved by the honor shown to Fordham in this visit of the President. But I should perhaps point out to the younger men who may not grasp the full significance of this scene, that Mr. Roosevelt is not just another President. In an era of unusually dynamic personalities he is without doubt one of the three or four most dynamic. He will be for our great grandchildren the symbol of our generation. Other Presidents have come and gone and the quiet tide of American life has shown hardly a ripple. Today you stand before a man whose imprint is forever fixed on our national history. Our country has been reshaped in the last eight years and will never again be just what it was before".

President Roosevelt is an honorary alumnus of Fordham University, having received the degree of doctor of laws on June 12, 1929, when he was Governor of New York State. Another link that unites the President to the University is the fact that James Roosevelt Bayley, the third president of Fordham University, and later Bishop of Newark and Archbishop of Baltimore, was a cousin of the mother of the President, Mrs. James Roosevelt. On Sunday October 1, 1939, Mrs. James Roosevelt unveiled in the college chapel a plaque commemorating the founding of the chapel by her cousin, James Roosevelt Bayley.

Two New Residence Halls.—On Monday, Sept. 23, His Excellency the Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, assisted by Rev. Robert I.

Gannon, S.J., President of the University and members of the faculty, formerly dedicated the two new residence halls for students of Fordham College.

The halls, which are named Bishops' Hall and St. Robert's Hall, adjoin the original residence hall, St. John's, at the west edge of the Rose Hill campus and form a U-shaped quadrangle, with the university church at one side. They are built in the English Gothic style of St. John's and the church. They were completed at a cost of $210,000, the gift of a generous benefactor. One of their outstanding features are the stained glass reproductions of the seals of the seventeen Bishops and two Cardinals in Fordham's history which have been placed in the windows of the main hall of Bishops' Hall.

New Commerce Course.—The School of Education, for the first time, offers a program of commercial courses leading to a certificate of license as teacher of commercial subjects. The program includes courses in business law, business mathematics, business management and organization, money, banking and finance, economic geography, business English, advanced Gregg shorthand and advanced typewriting.

A major in speech, leading to the degree of master of science in education, also makes its initial appearance in the curriculum of the Fordham School of Education.

Rev. President's Broadcast in Congressional Record.—The warning against letting inconsistent, irreligious intellectuals shape the program of training for young men drafted into military service, which Father Robert I. Gannon, President of Fordham, delivered in a nationwide broadcast, was placed in the *Congressional Record* by Representative Walter A. Lynch of New York.

Georgetown University.—Father Paul McNally, S.J., director of the Astronomical Observatory at Georgetown University, was a member of an expedition sponsored by the Geographic Society and the United

States Bureau of Standards to observe the total solar eclipse in Brazil on October 1st.

Father McNally was a member of the Georgetown University—National Geographic Expedition which studied the eclipse of 1936 from Kustanani, Russia, and of the expedition sent by the Geographic Society and the United States Naval Observatory for observation of that year's eclipse from Canton Island in the Pacific. In 1932, he headed the first solar eclipse expedition sent out by Georgetown University, viewing and photographing the eclipse from Freyeburg, Me. His photograph of the sun's corona in that eclipse won him election to the International Astronomical Union.

New York.—Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., commemorated the twenty-fifth year of his priesthood by publishing the twenty-fifth series of his little books, *My Changeless Friend.* It speaks well for a series of devotional meditations that its annual appearance is welcomed for twenty-five years by interested readers and that the author should be so encouraged by the reception given each series that he is still enthusiastic in this work of love. The fact that during the past twenty-five years at least 800,000 copies have been sold gives concrete evidence of the popularity of the series.

New York City.—Details of the work done by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West Seventeenth St., during the past year have been issued by the Rev. Edward J. Garesche, S.J., president of the Board. During 1940 the total amount of material prepared for shipment by the Sisters, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, who are in charge of the preparation and shipment of medical supplies to the missions, has totaled 52,337 pounds contained in 410 packing cases. This amount is almost double the quantity of supplies sent out in 1939.

The distribution of these supplies follows: 2,000 surgical instruments, weighing 678 pounds; splints and

crutches, 229 pounds; miscellaneous hospital equipment, 4,120 pounds; clothing for the sick, 2,147 pounds; vestments and chapel goods, 194 pounds; twelve medical and surgical kits, 305 pounds; baby food, 5,657 pounds, and medicine, bandages and dressings, 39,000 pounds.

Letters from many missionary Bishops, Vicars Apostolic and superiors of missions tell of the increased need of medical supplies caused by the war. They say that shipments formerly received from Europe of medical instruments and supplies have been entirely cut off and therefore plead for increased aid from the United States. A special effort will be made in 1941 to increase the number of those who gather sample medicines from doctors' offices and make bandages and dressings for the Board, as this increase is made necessary by the increased need of the missions.

CONFERENCE OF COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES ON DEMOCRACY AND DEFENSE

St. Louis University.—On Oct. 25, coincident with the opening of the Quadricentennial Celebration, the University was host to delegates from twenty-five colleges and universities in the St. Louis area at a Conference of Colleges and Universities on Democracy and Defense.

Rev. Fr. Harry B. Crimmins, President of St. Louis University, after welcoming the delegates, explained the purpose of the conference as an effort of the college and university administrators of the St. Louis area to consider how they may best through their institutions serve the causes of democracy, the American way of life, and national defense.

Chancellor George R. Troop of Washington University was chairman of the morning session at which the following papers were read and discussed: "Rights and Obligations of Citizenship in a Democratic State" by Rev. Thurber M. Smith, S.J., Dean of the Graduate

School: Discussion by President F. M. McCleur, Westminster College; "Affecting Students through Courses and Instruction" by President H. Gary Hudson, Illinois College: Discussion by President G. W. Diemer, Central Missouri State Teachers College; "Affecting Students through Extra-Class-room Life" by President George F. Donovan, Webster College: Discussion by Acting President Guy C. Motley, Lindenwood College.

Assistant Dean Elmer Ellis, University of Missouri, was chairman of the afternoon session. Father Edward P. Dowling, S.J., Associate Editor of the *Queen's Work* read a paper on "American Student Organizations and Student Government" and Dean Joseph A. McClain, School of Law, Washington University, one on "Influencing the College Environment". Assistant Superintendent F. M. Underwood, St. Louis Public Schools, carried on the discussion. Dean Wilfred M. Mallon, S.J., St. Louis University, presented the last paper, "Democracy and Defense in American Colleges and Universities".

Father Smith, after stressing the grave responsibility of educators and the duty of guiding and influencing others in their formative period, confronted the concept of the totalitarian state and the materialistic philosophy on which it is based with the concept of the state and the philosophy of government as propounded in the *philosophia perennis*. Taking for his text the memorable words of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights", etc., he went on to show that the dignity of the individual flowed from his God-given origin and eternal destiny. Once these are denied, the totalitarian state is but a logical consequence. Thereupon, he gave a clear and well-rounded exposition of the scholastic doctrine on the philosophy of the state. No doubt, these eternal truths awakened serious thoughts in the minds of some of his auditors. In closing, Father Smith said, "The di-

lemma which confronts the modern man is not merely a choice between rival economic or political systems. The question is much deeper and more complex. The choice, as Christopher Dawson says, is between the mechanized order of the absolute or totalitarian state (whether it is nominally Communist or Fascist or something else) or a return to that order which asserts the primacy of the spiritual, that is, the subordination of the state and of the whole temporal order to spiritual ends; a return to that concept of humanity as a great community or republic in which all work out their final destinies under the rule of God."

Evanston, Illinois.—Monsignor Francis J. Magner, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Evanston, Ill., recently named Bishop of Marquette, attended St. Ignatius College, Chicago, and St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, before entering the North American College, Rome.

New Orleans.—Rev. James T. Whelan, S.J., Chairman of the Department of Education of Loyola University of the South, has been named to the Southeastern Aviation Training Governors' Board. The Southeast area organization, composed of schoolmen and operators of aviation schools, embraces eight States. At Loyola Father Whelan is coordinator of the civilian pilot training program of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Loyola was one of the first colleges to offer regular pilot training.

Spring Hill College, Ala.—Rev. Fr. William D. O'Leary, S.J., M.D., president of Spring Hill College, has been appointed to the Alabama Welfare Board by Governor Dixon of Alabama. Father O'Leary has frequently served on the Alabama Civil Service Board. As a member of the Merit System Council of the Alabama Welfare Board, Father O'Leary's work will chiefly deal with the appointment of persons connected with

the city and State agencies under the jurisdiction of the Welfare Board.

Father O'Leary, a native of Augusta, Georgia, was graduated at Sacred Heart College there and at the University of Georgia Medical School. He practiced medicine in Boston and New York before entering the Society.

BISHOP SCHULER'S JUBILEE—DEDICATION OF MONUMENT TO CHRIST THE KING

Looking down over Mexico from high atop Mount Cristo Rey on the Texas border stands the colossal stone likeness of the crucified Saviour King. More than three-fourths of a mile above the Rio Grande and visible from afar in that persecuted land it preaches a perpetual sermon, of admonition and exhortation to faithless terrorizers, of consolation and encouragement to wearied Christian hearts.

Dedicated at the celebration of the silver jubilee of the consecration of the only Jesuit Bishop of a diocese in the United States, the Most Reverend Anthony J. Schuler, it serves as a memorial which marks an era of Jesuit missionary activity in the Southwest.

The eyes of Catholic America were turned to the unpretentious diocese of El Paso, Texas, last October 17th, and in this joint-celebration witnessed one of the most inspiring demonstrations of faith those eyes have ever seen. Under the capable direction of Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., the representative of the jubilarian Bishop, the event achieved a success which will render it worthy of a conspicuous place in the annals of Catholic American History. Never before had the Southwest seen so many Church dignitaries, so many enthusiastic people gathered together for such a purpose. Two apostolic delegates, twelve other archbishops, sixteen bishops and numerous monsignori, priests and religious took part in the series of ceremonies together with 50,000 persons of all faiths.

As personal representative of His Holiness Pope

Pius XII the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, officiated at the dedication of the statue of Christ the King and spoke at the testimonial dinner tendered to Bishop Schuler.

The ceremonies opened on the morning of October 17th, at 10 a. m. with a Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the jubilarian Bishop, with the Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, Archbishop of Los Angeles, preaching the sermon. The famed Schola Cantorum of Ysleta College, the Mexican Scholasticate in El Paso, sang the Mass. Over 4,500 persons crowded into Liberty Hall for the services, while some 6,000 were unable to gain admittance.

About noon, from El Paso and its valleys, from Juarez and the Mexican villages, from all parts of New Mexico came the faithful, the devout and the curious, assembled at the base of Mount Cristo Rey and pilgrimaged up its rugged ascent to take part in the solemn dedication of the monument. More than 30,000 were gathered at the summit when the Apostolic Delegate arrived to begin the ceremonies.

In their midst stood the magnificent monument sculptured in stone, the cross towering forty feet above the top of the mount and the crucified Saviour's image extending twenty feet from head to foot.

Standing beside it America's renowned preacher, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen addressed the assemblage and for the benefit of the people of Mexican extraction Most Reverend Juan Navarette spoke in Spanish. The ceremonies closed with the students of Cathedral High School and Loretto Academy singing "God Bless America".

To offer their homage to Bishop Schuler more than five hundred persons, Catholics, Protestants and Jews, attended the testimonial dinner at El Paso Country Club. From President Roosevelt came a congratulatory letter to Bishop Schuler saying that he considered it "a most happy circumstance that you will celebrate

your Episcopal Silver Jubilee by dedicating a monument to Christ the King" . . . "only a spiritual awakening can save the world."

Toasts, expressing warm sentiments and esteem of the jubilarian were included under various titles: "Greetings from Bishop Schuler's Jewish Friends," were extended by Rabbi Wendell A. Phillips; "Greetings from Bishop Schuler's Protestant Friends," by Rev. B. M. G. Williams; "Bishop Schuler as a Citizen," by Attorney Joseph Scott; "Greetings from the Army," by Major General Kenyon A. Joyce; "A Toast to the United States," by Attorney J. G. Bennis. Outstanding were the addresses of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, Rev. Zacheus Maher, S.J., Assistant General of the Society of Jesus for the American Assistancy, Very Rev. Thomas J. Shields, S.J., Provincial of the New Orleans Province, who presented to Bishop Schuler, "Greetings from his Brethren in the Society of Jesus," and the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, the Most Reverend Luis Martínez, who extended "Greetings from the People of Mexico." Finally, Most Reverend Amleto Cicognani offered a glowing tribute to Bishop Schuler as a son of the Society of Jesus, and said in part:

The Apostolic Delegate's Address

"Called upon to respond to the toast, 'Our Holy Father', I wish only to set forth how the Holy Father takes part in this celebration. His Holiness has addressed an autograph letter to Bishop Schuler and there Pope Pius XII paternally recalls the distinguished merits of the first Bishop of El Paso.

"Our tribute of devotion and homage, more eloquent than words, will be to present the achievements of Bishop Schuler, deeds which exemplify loyal and faithful service to the Church, first in the self-sacrificing role of a missionary and later in the exalted office of a Bishop. . .

"It was from his training in the Society of Jesus that Bishop Schuler drew the wonderful spirit with which

he has done his apostolic work,—"fidelis servus",—a faithful servant of God, of the Church, of the Holy See, on one of the many fields where for four centuries the Society of Jesus has exercised its apostolic mandate. And the Bishop's jubilee coincides with the Fourth Centenary of the founding of this Society. . .

"I wish to emphasize this fact about the success of the Society of Jesus. For the manifold enterprises undertaken by the sons of St. Ignatius, a *pattern* has been given since the beginning, and to indicate the way and manner of putting it into execution.

"Twenty-four names make up the roster of Saints in the Society of Jesus, and there are about one hundred and fifty Blessed. Half of these Saints have won the martyr's crown, and the Blessed with a few exceptions have tasted death in defense of the Faith. . .

"In that atmosphere and under the inspiration of so many sons of the Society was formed Anthony Schuler, now a venerable figure of one of the successors of the Twelve Apostles. As the shadows lengthen and the sunset of his life approaches, he bears about himself the marks of countless labors, sufferings and privations courageously endured. He stands forth as a genuine representative of the line of Jesuit missionaries who labored from Albuquerque throughout this whole section, in New Mexico, Colorado and Texas. . .

"The monument to Christ the King, dedicated today, is of itself an eloquent witness to the abundant harvest already gathered into the storehouse of Heaven. It will remain, we know, as an imperishable remembrance of the priesthood and episcopate of Bishop Schuler, who, in the name of his diocese, wished to make this great profession of faith and ask everlasting blessings upon his beloved country."

Smiling throughout, the kindly old bishop received all these laudatory congratulations graciously and humbly. Doubtless, if his heart had given itself voice, it would have told of a joy more in a task performed than in the praise given for it.

Bishop Schuler was ordained to the priesthood at Woodstock College in 1901 by Apostolic Delegate Martinelli. After fourteen years of active missionary labors in the middle west and being for a time Rector of Sacred Heart College (now Regis College) in Denver, Colorado, he was consecrated Bishop of El Paso on October 28, 1915, by Archbishop Pitival in the Denver Cathedral.

The bishopric of El Paso was canonically erected March 3, 1914, by a decree of His Holiness Pius X. It was made up of parts of the dioceses of Dallas, San Antonio and Tucson and embraced 110,000 square miles of territory, being nearly equal in area to the whole of England, Ireland and Scotland.

PHILIPPINES

Jesuits in Charge of New Leper Colony.—The spiritual charge of the Central Luzon Leprosarium has been given to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province, according to Rev. Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., Rector and Master of Novices at the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I., who has been appointed spiritual father of the lepers in the new colony.

The proximity of the colony to the novitiate will make it possible for the novices to give catechetical instruction to the patients. Athletic equipment for the men who have not become inactive from the disease is being sought by Father Kennally in Manila and from friends in the United States.

In a letter to Rev. Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau, Rev. Ernest Hartnett, S.J., described the procession in honor of Christ the King, in which more than 2000 lepers of the Culion colony marched. There were 35 arches built by men of the colony, which is the largest leper colony in the world, along the path of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Father Hartnett said that 95% of the patients who have died at Culion since the establish-

ment of the colony in 1904 have received the last sacraments of the Church.

The Ateneo Law School is breaking all records. The results of the recent P. I. Bar Examination show that: 1) Claudio Teehankee's average of 94.35% is the highest ever attained in the history of the P. I. Bar Examinations; 2) the Ateneo College of Law is the first law college in the history of the Bar to obtain 100% (that is, all entries successful) for two consecutive years; 3) the Ateneo's average of 84.56% is the highest on record; 4) all students who took our pre-bar review course (including six from Silliman) passed the examinations.

Grant to Father Ewing.—An appeal made by Very Rev. Fr. Superior to President Gonzalez of the University of the Philippines resulted in the following communication:

"In connection with your request for a grant-in-aid, I take the pleasure in quoting hereunder excerpts of the minutes of the 89th meeting of the Executive Board of the Council held on December 20, 1940, which are self-explanatory:

4. The request for a grant-in-aid of Reverend Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., in connection with his studies on the anthropology and paleontology (especially human) of Mindanao was considered. Upon favorable endorsement of the Chairman of the Division of Biological Sciences, concurred in by Prof. Otley Beyer, it was resolved, on motion duly seconded, that the amount of 500 pesos be given Prof. Beyer for the work of Reverend Father J. Frankling Ewing, S.J., as a grant-in-aid of research on his studies on the anthropology and paleontology of Mindanao."

Auxiliary Board, Archdiocese, Manila.—Recently, after several meetings, all the Major Superiors of Religious Orders of Men in the Archdiocese of Manila formed themselves into the "Auxiliary Board, Archdiocese, Manila". Very Rev. Fr. Superior was elected President and Chairman of the Executive Committee.

The other two members of the Executive Committee are Monsignor José Jovellanos and Father Tomás Tascon, O.P., Provincial. Their first act was to call a meeting of the heads of every Catholic school in the Archdiocese for January 6th to form them into a Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines. They are also forming a Defense League to meet at once any attack on the Church from any quarter.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

First Semester Disputations.—*Ex tractatu de Verbo Incarnato*, Mr. Joseph T. Clark, defender; Messrs. Paul Reed and Richard Zegers, objectors. *Ex Theologia Naturali*, Mr. Thomas Kent, defender; Messrs. William Grimaldi and John Kelly, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. C. J. Lewis, defender; Messrs. V. M. McNally and E. J. Riley, objectors.

Other Countries

CHINA

Kiangsu.—According to a cable received from Shanghai, Father Charles D. Simons, missionary of the California Province, was shot and killed on January 1st.

Father Simons, member of the first American Jesuit mission band sent to China, was the first Jesuit of the California Province to be ordained in China, and, quite probably, the first Jesuit martyred in the fifth century of the Society.

For the past five years he was stationed at Shuyang, about 200 miles north of Shanghai. Shuyang was recently overrun by North China Communists who, out of hatred for the faith, have buried alive hundreds of Christians and a group of twenty-four lay Brothers. In one of his last letters, Father Simons wrote: "Life is frightfully jittery now . . . orders to close my schools . . . my Christians are being arrested by the Commu-

nists . . . so if some of us find a lazy way to heaven, do not be surprised".

Father Simons was born in San Jose, California, Feb. 21, 1901, and entered the Society, Feb. 13, 1919. After receiving the master of arts degree he spent three years teaching chemistry at Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington, and at Seattle College. He sailed for China in 1928.

During his six preparatory years at Shanghai Father Simons was a universal favorite among missionaries of a dozen nationalities. Having acquired a command of two difficult Chinese dialects, he spent most of his holidays from the books catechizing poor peasants in the environs of Shanghai. His tertianship was made at Wuhu, Anhwei.

On Aug. 24, 1935, Father Simons was appointed a full-time missionary to Shuyang, where he remained until his death. During that short period he converted hundreds of pagans, opened dozens of schools and founded one new missionary post. He had often experienced the peril of floods, the peril of famine, the peril of robbers, but always remained calm in the midst of his difficulties which he realized to be part of the plan of Divine Providence.

Peking.—Lumen Service, under date of Nov. 29, has learned that Father Richard Ponsol, Spanish Jesuit attached to the Vicariate of Wuhu, Anhwei, was killed while on a mission trip.

Father Ponzol left his center at Kinghsien to officiate at a marriage in an out-station and was captured en route by a band of armed marauders. No detailed report has as yet been received, but he seems to have been shot after summary questioning. A neighboring priest found the body some five days later and discovered that Father Ponsol had been shot through the eye and the chest.

Jesuits in China.—There are at present over 800 Jesuits in China; of these thirty-six are from the United States. In 1773, when the Society was sup-

pressed, there were 462 Jesuits on the Chinese missions.

CANADA

Montreal.—The Canadian Martyrs—the eight Jesuits who gave their lives to teach the Indians the word of God—have been named as second patrons of Canada. St. Joseph is the patron.

A message received here by the Rev. Fr. Edward M. Brown, S.J., rector of Loyola College, from His Excellency the Most Rev. Hildebrand Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, discloses that the Pope, "accepting favorably the petitions that have been sent to him by His Eminence the Cardinal and Their Excellencies the Bishops, the clergy, the religious congregations and the Catholic authorities of Canada and tens of thousands of the faithful, has declared the Canadian Martyrs henceforth to be the second patrons of Canada on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their canonization and of the fourth centenary of the foundation of the Society of Jesus."

COLOMBIA, S. A.

Bogota.—The Jesuit College of Bogotá, Colombia, the Universidad Javeriana, and the importance of the new faculties of theology, philosophy and canon law to the national life were the subject of a recent broadcast by the Most Rev. Carlo Serena, Papal Nuncio to Colombia. The Colombian government had previously taken over the Colégio de San Bartolomé, where for three centuries generation after generation had been educated by the Jesuit Fathers; the government's action has been vigorously criticized by the press.

ECUADOR, S. A.

First to arrive of a group of thirty distinguished educational and artistic leaders of other American Republics, invited to the United States by the Division of Cultural Relations of the Department of State, is the Rev. Aurelio Espinosa Polit, S.J., director of the

Colégio de Cotocollao of Quito, Ecuador. He has been already in touch with scholars in universities in and near Washington and Baltimore and his itinerary still includes visits to Fordham, Princeton, Chicago and Northwestern Universities, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and to St. Louis and Cincinnati. Father Espinosa is one of Ecuador's most distinguished Latinists and Hellenists.

ENGLAND

London.—Rev. Vincent Gallagher, S.J., has probably had more Requiem Masses offered for the repose of his soul than any other man whose death was reported prematurely. Posted as "missing" after the withdrawal of the British Expeditionary Force in France, in which he was serving as a chaplain, the English Province included his name in the obituary list. News has been received that Father Gallagher is a prisoner of war. This is the second time he has been in German hands. During the World War he was made a prisoner shortly before the Armistice.

INDIA

Rajkot College, owned by the State of the same name, has been placed under the direction of the Society of Jesus, and Rev. Charles Lea, S.J., of the Mission of Madura has been named principal.

IRELAND

Dublin.—The Most Rev. J. C. McQuaid, who was consecrated the forty-seventh Archbishop of Dublin on Dec. 28 at ceremonies attended by dignitaries of Church and State, including Premier Eamon De Valera, is an "old boy" of the Jesuit College of Clongowes, which he entered in 1911.

ITALY

Gregorian University.—The inaugural ceremonies of the new academic year in the Gregorian University and the other pontifical universities and institutes in

Rome took place the first week of November. Because of war conditions, the number of students in these establishments is down to about half the normal strength. In the Gregorian University there are only 950 as against 2,400 two years ago.

MEXICO

Matimoras, Tamaulipas.—The Mexican Province News-Letter for March—June, 1940, contains many interesting accounts of the labors of missionary Jesuit Fathers who go from town to town evangelizing the people of that land so rich in its faith, yet so extremely poor in the number of its priests. Indeed so few are the priests in this country that, as Father Trejo tells us, there are only twenty priests, including the bishop, in the whole great state of Sonora. "Due to this scarcity of priests", Father Trejo adds, "one finds many adults who have not made their first Communion and who do not know so much as the Our Father."

Most vividly, perhaps, in these News-Letters, the letter of Father Manuel Martínez sets forth the lamentable effects of this paucity of priests and the valiant efforts our Fathers are expending to counteract them. The most enlightening part of his letter is a section devoted to describing the men's retreat at Matamoros in the State of Tamaulipas, just to the south of our border. To say the least, Father Martínez's methods for gathering in the church-shy males of his country are unique. Arriving at Matamoros he had 8,000 broadsides printed, challenging the men to be practical Catholics and announcing a series of talks on the "Transcendental Problems of Life", to be given in the parish church "for lack of a more adequate place". To the men of Mexico, the "Transcendental Problems of Life" are those questions which revolve around the politics of their troubled country. To make sure, moreover, of as many men as possible, these sheets were handed out throughout the city by the *señoritas* of Catholic Action. With his snares so set,

Father Martínez went before the Blessed Sacrament and prayed that he would catch in them, "not the doves, but the crows, hawks, and other birds of prey".

The opening day found more than a thousand men in attendance at the church waiting to hear the comments of this priest on their government. They heard instead a discussion of the essential difference between man and brute, with the name of God not even once mentioned, yet with the talk designed as a preparation for the sermon on the Foundation. The second day found even more men present. That day's discussion was on the Atomic Theory, the purpose being to finish off the work of the preceding day.

On the third day the attendance continued to increase and, for the first time in the mission, Father mentioned the name of God, giving on that day the meditation on the Principle and Foundation. The men listened with the keenest attention. Despite the now changing tactics, the following day found 3,027 men in the church, filling the structure to its utmost capacity. With his moment come at last and his "crows and hawks" gathered into his snares, all masquerade was thrown aside and Father Martínez donned his soutane, brought out his crucifix and began the sermon on death. At the end of this sermon, which lasted an hour and twenty minutes, all fell on their knees for the first time and repeated after the missionary the colloquies with Jesus Crucified and Mary, Refuge of Sinners. The men jammed the church again on the following day; the sermon was on the Judgment and lasted for forty-five minutes, followed by an exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, then by three minutes of fervent ejaculations begging God's pardon for the sins of those present. After Benediction, confessions were heard until midnight. The following day, Saturday, the priests of the parish of Brownsville, Texas, just across the Rio Grande, were called in to assist with the confessions. All that night confessions were heard. Father Martínez did not leave his confessional until

four-thirty in the morning when he had to vest for the Mass of General Communion. The other priests continued to hear. The confessions of those two nights totaled almost 2,500, though only men were heard.

The pastor at Matamoros estimated that 80% of that morning's Communions were first Communions.

On the last day of the mission more than two hundred marriages were celebrated; for the whole of the following week the pastor reported that twenty-five to thirty more were validated daily. Truly Father Martínez's prayer that God let the crows, hawks, and all classes of birds of prey fall into his nets was abundantly answered. As for himself, the bishop demanded that he take one day of rest; the following day this valiant Mexican priest was again engaged in the strenuous work of his missions.

A. M. D. G.

The editor of THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS would be most grateful for any of the following back numbers of the same magazine:

Vol. 4, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. 5, No. 2; Vol. 6, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Vol. 7, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Vol. 8, Nos. 2 and 3; Vol. 9, No. 1; Vol. 11, No. 1; Vol. 12, No. 3; Vol. 18, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. 21, No. 1; Vol. 35, No. 2; Vol. 42, No. 2; Vol. 53, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. 54, No. 1; Vol. 55, No. 1.

Books of Interest to Ours

Then Jesus Said. Reflections on the Gospels. By Paul L. Blakely, S.J., America Press. New York. 1940. pp. ix-140. $1.50.

As its title suggests, this is a volume of reflections upon the words and actions of Our Saviour. The Gospels proper to each Sunday and to the principal Feasts are indicated according to the sequence in which they occur through the ecclesiastical year, from the first Sunday of Advent to the Last Sunday after Pentecost; and to each there is appended exactly two pages of Father Blakely's quietly inspiring reflections.

The character of these reflections is as varied as the numberless audience who have drawn joy and profit from the author's writings in the past. A story is told in illustration of the Gospel's story or some memory unfolded out of the rich storehouse of the author's travel and experience. At other times it is to the treasure-trove of Catholic ascetical writing that we are led for a deeper understanding of some Gospel theme. Again, it is to the sublime prophecies of the Old Testament that Father Blakely goes for the fresh light which he pours around these familiar, precious stories from the life of Jesus. But, whatever the material of which each "reflection" is fashioned, it is always transformed by the engaging human touch which is so characteristic of this author: as when, speaking of the Nativity of Our Lady, he says—

> "The very sight of her would make your heart glad. Everybody loves a baby, and feels better just for a glimpse of a tiny bit of humanity, gurgling for the very joy of living."

We know of a parish where, during a period of emergency, a previous series of similar reflections, *Looking on Jesus*, by the same author were read from the pulpit, in place of the usual Sunday sermons. The faithful were wholly captivated by their simplicity and charm. If it were possible, this second series is of an even more exquisite charm.

Joseph Bluett, S.J.

Kindly Light. A Second Cardinal Newman Prayer Book. Compiled by Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J. America Press, New York. 1941. pp. 346. $2.50.

Like its predecessor, *Heart to Heart*, this second Cardinal Newman Prayer Book is a compilation of prayerful and meditative passages from the writing of the great English convert. The selections, uniformly brief, are precisely suitable for the kindling of hearts which is their goal.

Never was accord more perfect than that of this book and its felicitous title. *Kindly Light* is radiant and warm with all that its name implies. Real food for spiritual thought, made luminous by the chaste and gracious expression of the Cardinal's style, is the reader's gift from every page. Nor is it a cold light, such as might illumine the mind yet leave the affections of the soul untouched. There glows throughout this volume the quiet warmth of a devotion as simple as it is profound. It is seldom indeed that brilliance of intellect, the glow of a feeling heart and exquisite writing are found in perfect blending. *Kindly Light* encompasses such a treasure.

The selections are superbly indexed for their maximum of fruitfulness to the meditative reader. One selection begins:

> "Those who obey God and follow Christ have secret gains, so great, that, as well might we say that heaven were like hell, as that these are like the gain which sinners have."

No volume could do more to make the follower of Christ aware of his "secret gains" than this. Nor more to thrill his heart with realization of the greatness of these gains. "Newman at his best" was Archbishop Goodier's exclamation, upon reading *Heart to Heart*. We cannot but echo the Archbishop's words as we close this companion volume,—knowing that, having read it once, we will return to it again and again.

Joseph Bluett, S.J.

The Philosophy of Silence. By Alice Borchard Greene. New York, Richard R. Smith, 1940. 254p. $2.50.

Silence is the condition without which man cannot hope to taste of the riches of the spirit. That is the thesis of Dr. Greene, who brings to her task some years of experience at the School of Applied Philosophy in New York, and a wide knowledge of the practice of silence by thoughtful men of East and West, in ancient, medieval and modern times.

Only the necessity of occasional reflection on their practical

problems can disengage most men from the multiplicity of external activity, while the man of science ceases from experiment only to coordinate his findings. Thus are men kept from striving for inward unity in the world of spiritual values. All men make use of silence in some degree in their religious and social rites, but it has remained for the philosopher, and especially the religious-minded, to reduce the practice of silence to a system whereby they might glimpse reality in its inmost depths. To avoid the pitfalls of quietism religious meditation must be positive in nature, and guided by the experience of others who have traveled the same road.

Only a few attain to mystical experience, which according to the author, is the climax of the threefold way of concentration, meditation, and contemplation. Theology must take exception to this implication that true mystical experience, which implies the supernatural, can be attained as the necessary result of the exalted practice of silence and discipline. Mysticism is not to be confused with the higher synthesis of the philosopher, nor the practice of God's presence resulting from habitual prayer.

Intimacy with the divine should not bring the individual into conflict with the authority of a living and infallible Church, nor can it dispense him from the use of external rites and the channels of grace established by Christ in the New Law. These errors, implied rather than stated, can be traced to the author's misunderstanding of the true nature of the supernatural. Yet despite them, this book remains an outstanding contribution to the psychology of silence, with valuable applications to the retreat movement, to which notable attention is given.

W. J. G.

A. M. D. G.

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OTHER PUBLICATIONS

The Rubrics of the Low Mass— Rev. T. A. Donoghue, S. J. 20 cents; 10 for $1.80; 20 for 3.50; etc.

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